

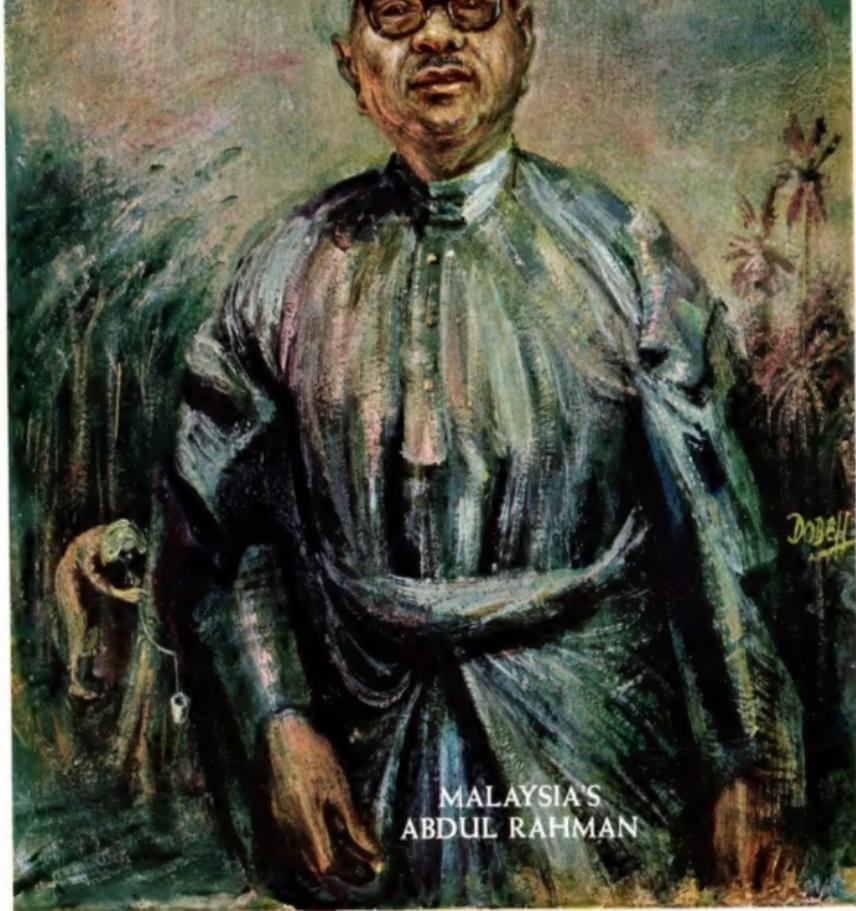
THIRTY CENTS

APRIL 12, 1963

A NEW NATION IN ASIA

TIME

THE WEEK MAGAZINE



MALAYSIA'S
ABDUL RAHMAN

VOL. LXXXI NO. 15

1963-1964



Flight Forum No. 2: A CG Symposium in the public interest

What will passenger airliners be like in 1970? What about airport access? What's the future of air cargo?

These and dozens of other questions were discussed at the first Connecticut General Flight Forum in Hartford during November, 1961. CG created the opportunity for top men from a diversity of interests—aviation, financial, research, academic and government—to get

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A second symposium this May will deal with the impact of technology on air transportation. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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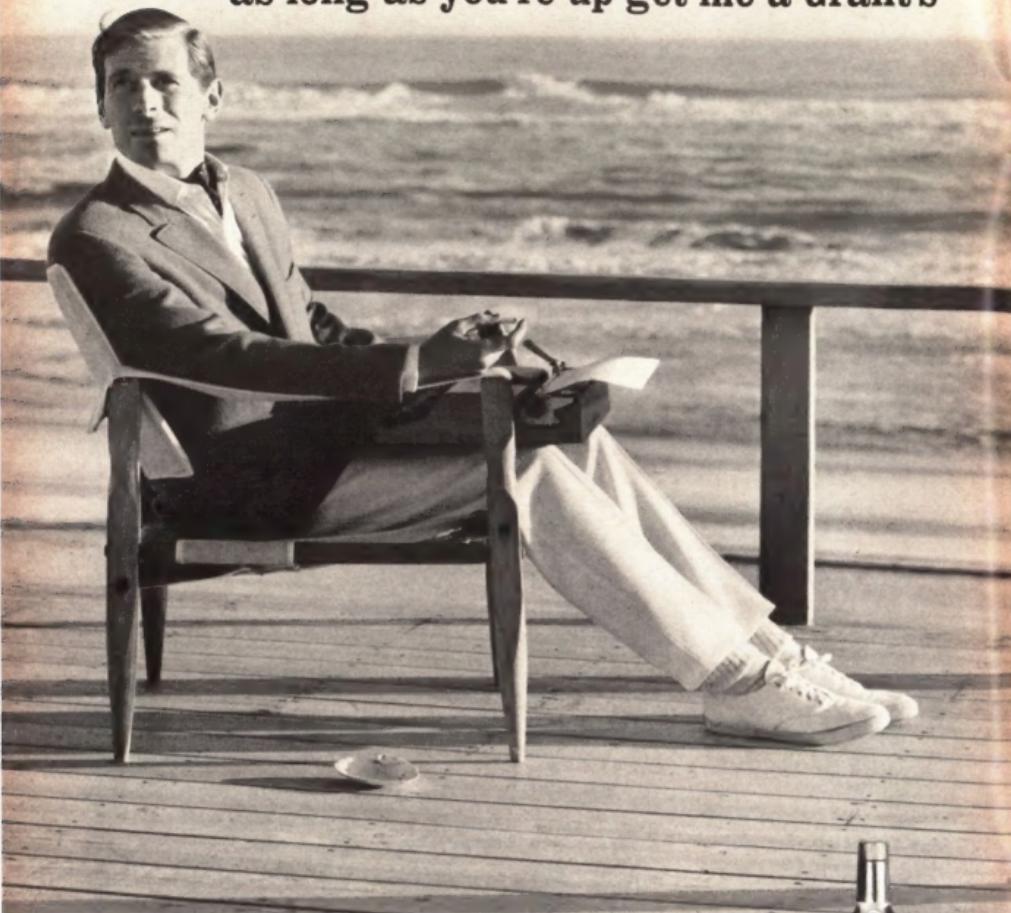
ible foot-hugging fit! That's why Flexaires feel comfortable *from the start*.

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as long as you're up get me a Grant's

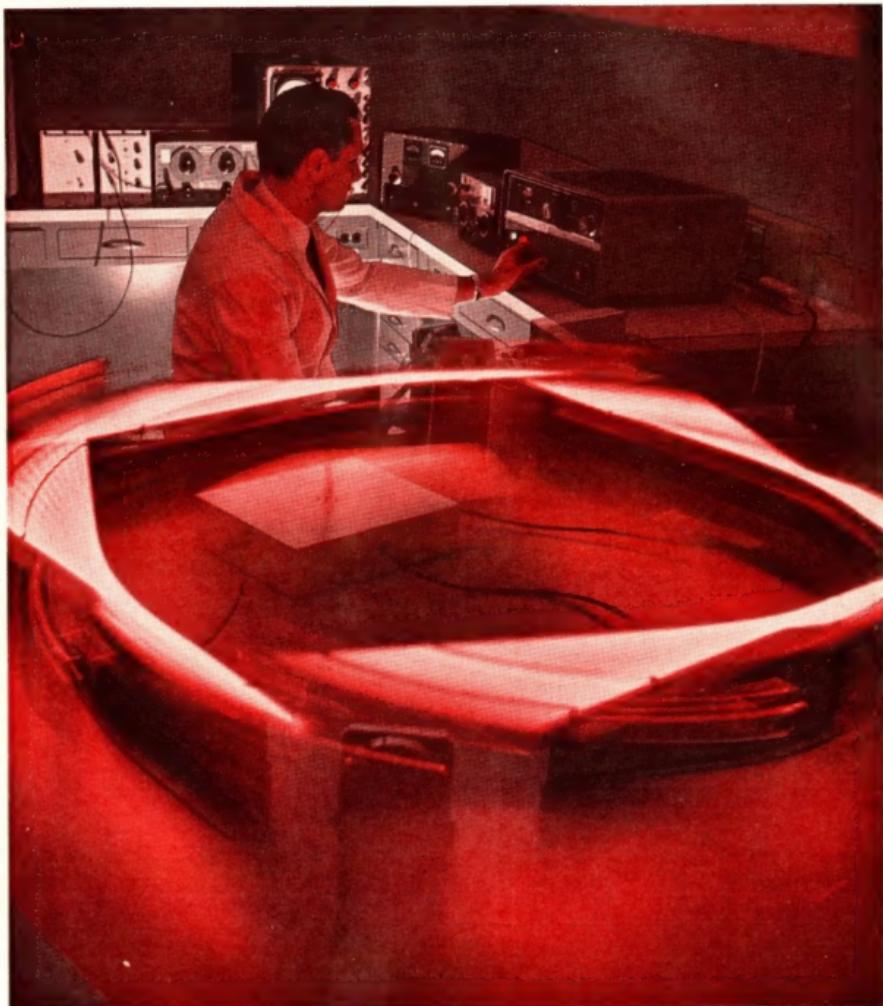


Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York

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THIS ONE EARNED A NICKNAME

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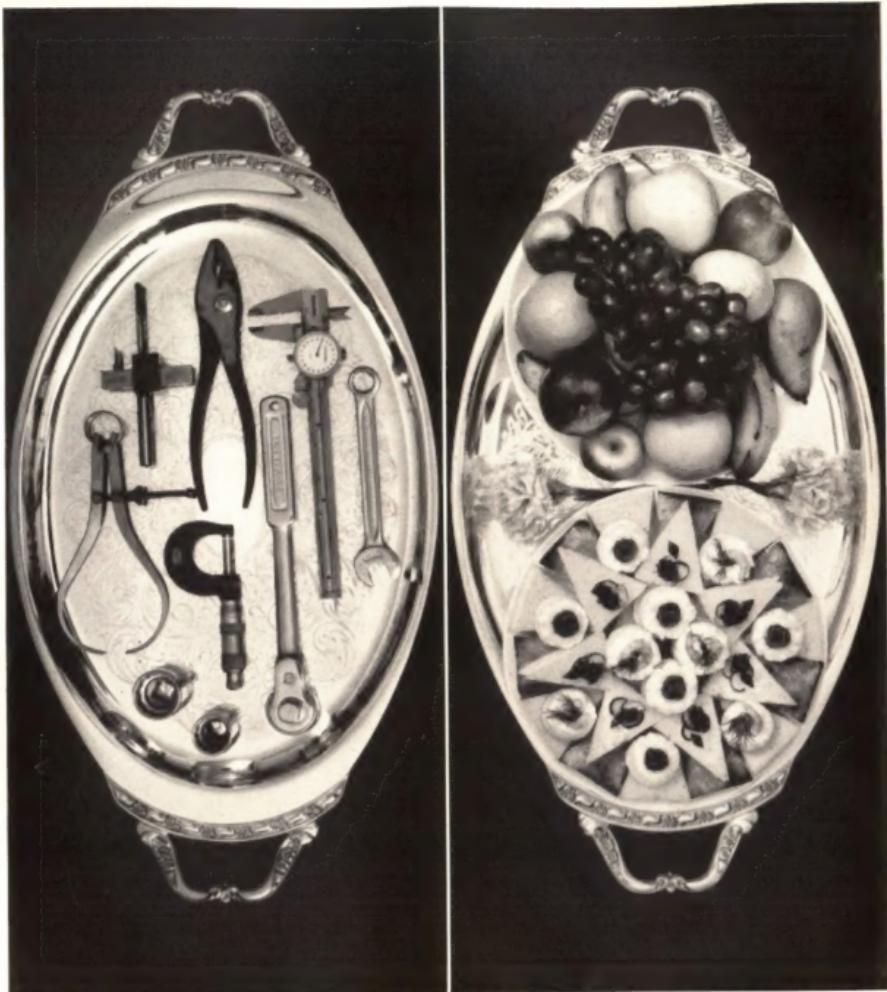
What's more, the Extra Miler has earned itself a nickname from our friends in the trade . . . the "Big H". Actually, it's more than just a nickname. Those "H"

tread patterns interlock to make the broad center rib an almost solid block of tough tread rubber for longer wear. The "H" is precisely angled for maximum traction (up to 22% more traction on wet pavement).

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B.F.Goodrich Extra Miler. Or call it the "Big H", if you like. Our friends do, and we're making a lot of new friends with this tire. *The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
TRUCK TIRES



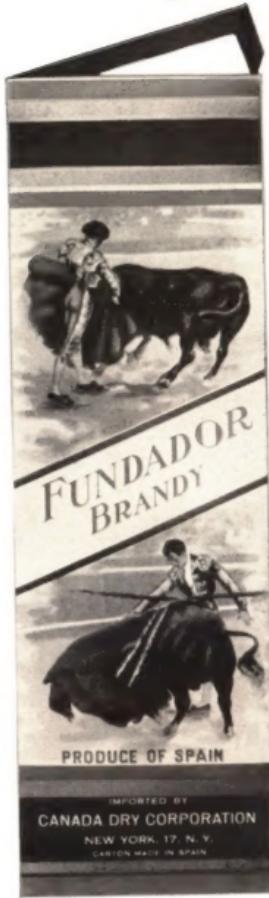
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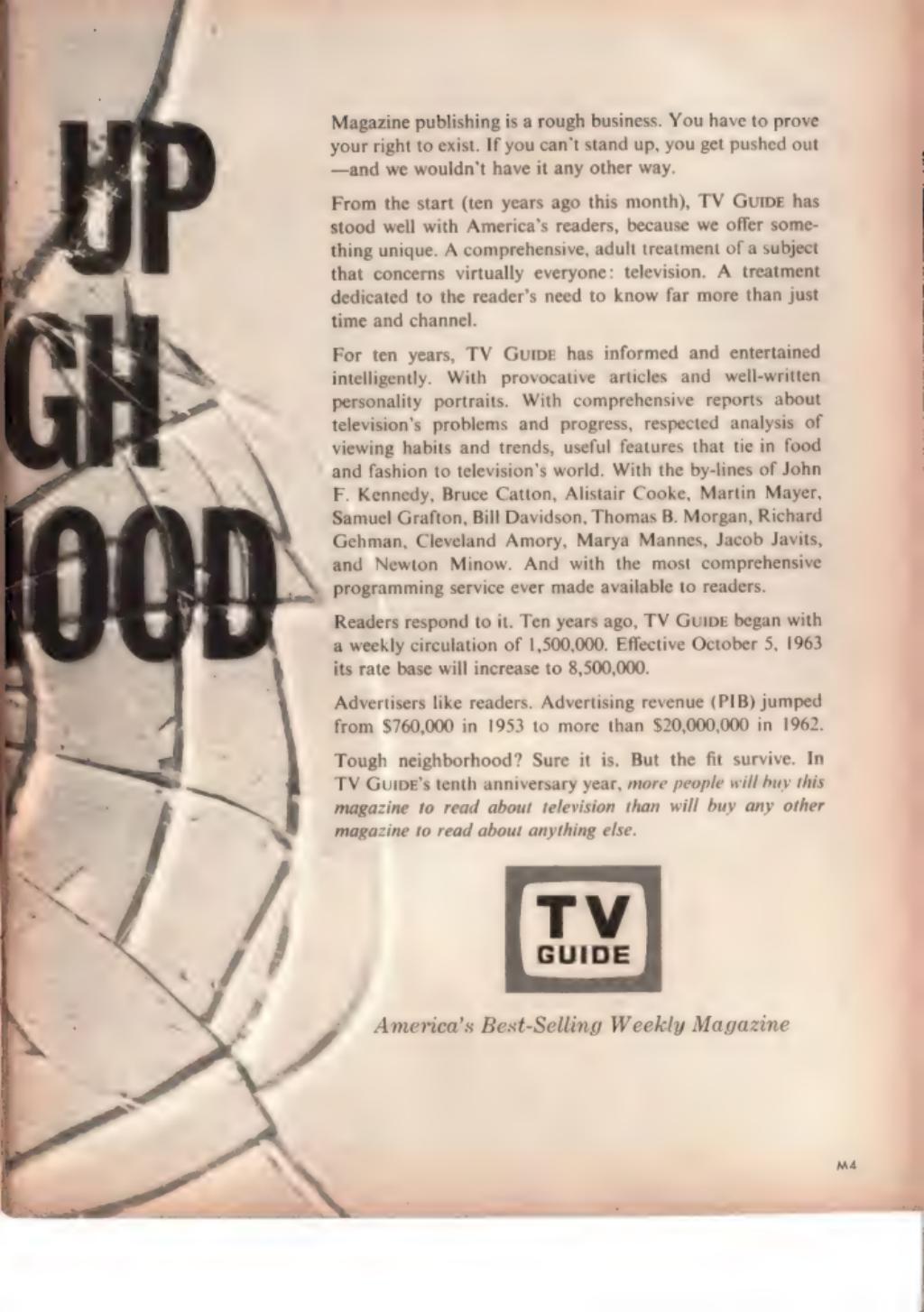
The gift carton, for one thing, is decorated with matadors, bulls, saucy señoritas, and nary a holiday spangle! But what the carton contains is the true mark of individuality. For Fundador is one of the great brandies of the world. It is delicately dry with a rare bouquet. "Soft and mellow", one could say. Yet all this costs but \$6.64 the fifth in New York (slightly higher or lower in other States). Give the premium brandy with the regal Spanish accent, **FUNDADOR**, the classic brandy of Spain.

Is something under seven dollars too little to pay? Then give Pedro Domecq's remarkable limited-edition brandy, Carlos I, in a hand-rubbed oaken case. It will cost you about fifteen dollars.



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UP GH OOD



Magazine publishing is a rough business. You have to prove your right to exist. If you can't stand up, you get pushed out—and we wouldn't have it any other way.

From the start (ten years ago this month), **TV GUIDE** has stood well with America's readers, because we offer something unique. A comprehensive, adult treatment of a subject that concerns virtually everyone: television. A treatment dedicated to the reader's need to know far more than just time and channel.

For ten years, **TV GUIDE** has informed and entertained intelligently. With provocative articles and well-written personality portraits. With comprehensive reports about television's problems and progress, respected analysis of viewing habits and trends, useful features that tie in food and fashion to television's world. With the by-lines of John F. Kennedy, Bruce Catton, Alistair Cooke, Martin Mayer, Samuel Grafton, Bill Davidson, Thomas B. Morgan, Richard Gehman, Cleveland Amory, Marya Mannes, Jacob Javits, and Newton Minow. And with the most comprehensive programming service ever made available to readers.

Readers respond to it. Ten years ago, **TV GUIDE** began with a weekly circulation of 1,500,000. Effective October 5, 1963 its rate base will increase to 8,500,000.

Advertisers like readers. Advertising revenue (PIB) jumped from \$760,000 in 1953 to more than \$20,000,000 in 1962.

Tough neighborhood? Sure it is. But the fit survive. In **TV GUIDE**'s tenth anniversary year, *more people will buy this magazine to read about television than will buy any other magazine to read about anything else.*



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CINEMA

The Birds. Hitchcock-a-doodle-doo in the form of a fatuous plot makes for a slow start, but when the birds finally get a chance to do their stuff the feathers fly as hordes of gulls, finches and crows go to war against humanity.

The Courtship of Eddie's Father. A whole new era of Hollywood kiddie stars may be launched by irresistibly talented Ronny Howard, 9. He does a pro job at finding a mate for Daddy Glenn Ford. Shirley Jones, Dina Merrill and Stella Stevens are the applicants.

The Balcony. Part burlesque, part Black Mass, Jean Genet's shocker argues that the world is a vast brothel run by an allegorical madam who panders illusions to her customers in return for the surrender of their masculinity. Shelley Winters is the madam.

Mondo Cane. In this documentary of depravity, the world has gone to the dogs and the cards are stacked against human decency, all leading to the conclusion that people are no damn good.

The Playboy of the Western World. Torrents of gorgeous Irish talk, miles of fine Irish scenery, and some splendid acting almost offset the main flaw in this film version of Synge's play: Siobhan McKenna should not still be playing colleens.

How the West Was Won. Cinerama turns from picture postcards to epic storytelling as sodbusters, Indians, outlaws, good guys, and a thousand thundering buffaloes go West in a big way.

The Wrong Arm of the Law. Sneaky Pete Sellers as a raffish Raffles heads a gang of candid-camera jewel robbers.

To Kill a Mockingbird. Harper Lee's Pulitzer Prize novel comes off even better on the screen than on the page. Gregory Peck is wise and warm, and three children—Mary Badham, Phillip Alford and John Megna—are so convincingly rambunctious that they hardly seem to be acting at all.

Love and Larceny. Vittorio Gassman masquerades his way through one of the funniest Italian farces of the season.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 10

In the Mouth of the Wolf (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) A special documentary on grand opera in Parma, Italy, featuring the season's opener, Verdi's *Luisa Miller*.

Encyclopedia of Communism (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). The last in a series of four programs on the ideology and practice of Communism, with Chet Huntley.

Thursday, April 11

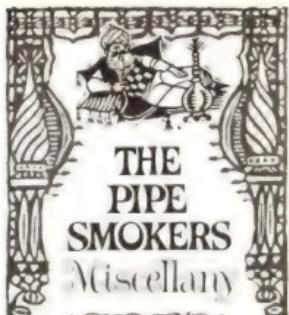
Première (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A Bronx delicatessen owner (Howard Morris) searches for his long-lost joker of a brother (Louis Nye) in "This Will Kill You."

Friday, April 12

The Alfred Hitchcock Hour (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). An embittered wine baron (Gilbert Roland) challenges his disowned son to a drinking bout, while his secretary-fiancée (Laraine Day) stands by.

Jack Paar (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). More home movies, this time of Jack's trip

— All times E.S.T.



THE PIPE SMOKERS Miscellany

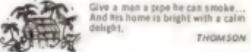
*Tidbits, Tips & Trivia from
the makers of Bond Street*

THE JOY OF SMOKING TO THE HEEL

When you reach the dottle
Those last shreds of tobacco bridged the
heel—don't you've
had it. Your pipe may
mislead you and go out,
but light up again for
those last sweet puffs.

By smoking the dottle, you
do your health good by baking it the same
as the rest of the bowl. And it's easier to
empty your pipe when finished.

These are just extras, though. Your
big advantage is a longer, sweeter smoke,
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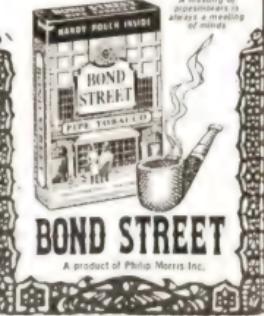


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delight.

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opponents is
always a meeting
of friends*

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Try not to rush through Germany. There is so much to see, so much to do, so much one should not miss. The great cities with their contrast of old and new . . . the medieval hamlets with their charming cobble-stoned streets . . . the beautiful scenery of castle-studded mountains, pastoral valleys, fabled rivers . . . the gay, sophisticated spas and quiet health resorts . . .

Wherever you go, your German hosts will pamper you and — what's important these days — your budget will not feel the strain. See Your Travel Agent.

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Anytime is travel time in Germany

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Saturday, April 13

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). A reading of *Rumpelstiltskin* by Peter Ustinov and a performance with hoops by the Finnish Girls Gymnastic Team. Color.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "The Colossus" stars Leo Genn as a Nobel-prize-winning scientist charged with the murder of his wife.

Sunday, April 14

Directions '63 (ABC, 2-3 p.m.). "The Passion and Resurrection," Part 4 of Franz List's oratorio, *Christus*.

Close-Up! (ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A special documentary, "The Vatican," looks at Easter Sunday in St. Peter's Basilica.

Ed Sullivan (CBS, 8:9 p.m.). Starring Judy Garland at the London Palladium and Peter (Lawrence of Arabia) O'Toole, who will also sing.

Monday, April 15

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Love aboard a luxury liner in *An Affair to Remember*, starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. Color.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Brinkley reports on the controversial sale of Southwest desert land and examines the legend of Wyatt Earp Color.

Tuesday, April 16

As Caesar Sees It (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Sid's seventh special looks at America's newest challenge: flabbiness.

THEATER

On Broadway

Mother Courage, by Bertolt Brecht, is an ironic firestorm of a play, raging over the subjects of war, history, ideology, heroism, vice and virtue. Brecht robes his 17th century peasant heroine of her three children without breaking her indomitable will to survive. In the daunting title role, Anne Bancroft is not quite the protean earth mother she strives to be.

Ages of Man. For one week only, starting April 14, John Gielgud will revive his masterly solo evening of readings from Shakespeare. Gielgud's unfailing intelligence and matchless vocal delivery make this a memorable theatrical event.

Too True to Be Good, by George Bernard Shaw, is substandard G.B.S., full of mildewed seventyish garrulities on religion, militarism and the idle rich. A full cast of stars—Glynn Johns, Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Fileen Heckart, Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Ray Middleton—rushes about filling the dramatic vacuum.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill, is a theatrical event of fascinating and ironic magnitude. Geraldine Page acts with dazzling prismatic splendor, and the play, a 4½-hour marathon, is a dated Lost Generation relic, infused at odd moments with O'Neill's personal anguish.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. The Jewish situation comedy is not a trend but a glut. This one offers traces of honest observation, and as a clown of a would-be actor, Alan Arkin is outrageously funny.

Photo Finish, by Peter Ustinov. An old party of 80 confronts his onstage self at earlier ages and is alternately apoplectic

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Which Way Is The Wind Blowing

in the New York financial markets? What are the new trends in money rates, the supply and demand of equity capital, the securities markets? With its daily activities reaching into all areas of the New York financial community and one of banking's most experienced Investment Research Departments, this Bank is a highly qualified observer of our rapidly changing times. More important, our officers will match their time with yours in seeking ways to apply these knowledge of financial markets to your company's best advantage.

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FRUITION

So you make and sell a product for people. You've done the hard part. You have the distribution. The one thing missing is that single step which will bring all of your efforts to fruition in the big farm market. Sell the farm market as you do the urban markets. Buy the magazine farm families buy.

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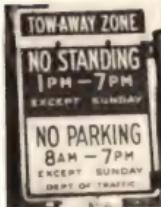
FARM JOURNAL

1st In The Hearts Of Countrymen and women

CORN WITHOUT PLOWING

GET DAD IN ON THE FUN

The Farmer's Wife, this issue



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and philosophical at what he sees. Actor-Director-Author Ustinov gives the proceedings elegant polish.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, makes a no-exit verbal hell out of a college professor's living room. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen beat ugly truths and fond illusions out of each other with savage, flailing brilliance.

Little Me. Seven helpings of Sid Caesar make this show a rich musical comedy feast. Other goodies include Sven Swenson's dancing and Virginia Martin's ding-dong Belle Poitrine.

Beyond the Fringe. Four wickedly clever young English sharpshooters riddle sacred institutions as God, Shakespeare and Harold Macmillan. The wackiest loan of the lunatic lot is Dr. Jonathan Miller.

Off Broadway

The Dumbwaiter and The Collection, by Harold Pinter, are shivery comedies of menace in which murder and infidelity occur (or do they?), and meaning is made mysterious and mystery meaningful.

The Establishment. Britannia used to rule the waves; nowadays it can scarcely hold the tongues of its 20-year-olds. It's mock mock mock all night long as this freshman three-man, two-woman revue team tries to match the varsity players of Beyond the Fringe.

The Tiger and The Typists. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson are in two clever one-acters: the first concerns two self-appointed nonconformists who eat their own clichés, the second a pair of drab office workers whose entire lives drain away from 9 to 5.

RECORDS

Liszt: Concerto No. 1, Les Préludes (New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor; André Watts, pianist; Columbia) confirms the astonishing first impression that 16-year-old Pianist Watts made in his New York debut in January. Watts and Bernstein are in rapport in a fluent and subtle performance.

Bruckner: Mass No. 3 in F Minor (Berlin Symphony, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir, Karl Forster conducting; Pilar Lorengar, soprano, Christa Ludwig, alto, Josef Traxel, tenor, Walter Berry, bass; Angel) is a majestic work. Forster matches the full voice of his orchestra to the choral glories of the Mass, and only Soprano Lorengar's obvious struggling brings him down to earth again.

Bartók: Bluebeard's Castle (Mercury) is a worthy love offering by the friends of the late Béla Bartók. It is an all-Hungarian recording of Bartók's only opera, with Old Friend Basso Mihály Székely singing the lead, and Old Friend Antal Doráti conducting. The performances are more devoted than the music justifies: the opera remains a penny poem.

Nielsen: Symphony No. 5 (New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor; Columbia) is an excited reading of the seldom-heard work of the late Danish composer Carl Nielsen. Nielsen's melodious, strongly rhythmed music sounds like a primer to Shostakovich, and Bernstein makes the most of all its frenzied drama. It is, above all, a showcase for the Philharmonic's superb percussionists.

Purcell: Come Ye Sons of Art (Alfred Deller, countertenor; Vanguard) is a happy new appearance of Purcell's birthday music for Queen Mary, this time with

**RAVES FROM ALL
THE CRITICS for
"DEAR ME,
The Sky is Falling"**

"THE BROADWAY SKY IS
BRIGHTER FOR 'DEAR ME, THE
SKY IS FALLING'. GERTRUDE
BERG IS A SORCERESS, A
THREE-ACT WONDER." —Kerr, *Her. Trib.*



"AN ENGAGING COMEDY WITH
GERTRUDE BERG IN AN INGRATIATING
ROLE." —McCarten, *The New Yorker*

"GERTRUDE BERG GIVES HER ADMIRERS JUST WHAT THEY WANT
IN SUNNY HOSPITALITY." —Taubman, *Times*

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HER COMIC TIMING." —Time Mag.
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GOOD FUN." —Watts, *Posi*
"A VERY FUNNY COMEDY." —Nadel, *World-Tel. & Sun*

"A FUNNY COMEDY. IT'S GERTRUDE
BERG AT HER BEST." —McClain, *Jr. Amer.*

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WRIGHT LEONARD SPIGELGASS
MAKES HIS COMIC POINTS WITH
WIT AND WISDOM. HERMAN
SHUMLIN'S DIRECTION LETS STAR
GERTRUDE BERG SHINE BRIGHTLY
IN HER OWN ENDEARING WAY." —Coleman, *Mirror*

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How to sell an empty jar:

Put something invisible into it.
Yet something customers believe in.
Something that gives your salesmen
more to sell.

That's what the Kerr Glass people did.
Last year, they put in Arthur Godfrey's
special brand of something. It must have
sold Kerr jars; they've just plunked down
visible cash for more.

And what works for empty jars must
also work for full jars. Bromo-Seltzer just
reordered. So did Listerine.

And Goodyear just bought more God-
frey for Neolite. And Grolier Inc., for their
Book of Knowledge. And Emery Indus-
tries, for Sanitone.

What exactly are they buying?

If we knew we'd bottle it.
It's Godfrey's personal formula. One
sponsor—Kerr Glass—calls it "presence."
Here's what they say it does:

"Your presence makes our sales staff
enthusiastic. We're sure it will result in
even greater selling efforts on their part.
It's made customers write us letters ap-
proving of our sponsorship and our prod-
ucts. And it's expected to increase the
lead Kerr now holds in the home canning
supplies field."

Pretty powerful something! If your
product could use some, call your ad
agency rep or account executive at

The CBS Radio Network

Haspel days are here again

(Time for the best of all summer clothing)

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Deller and his countertenor son, Mark, sharing the sublime duet.

Vivaldi: Gloria (Roger Wagner Chorus; Angel) is a rendition of Vivaldi at his festive best. The choir gets a bit thick at times, but the soloists are excellent and the recording is rich and sonorous.

Oistrakh (Monitor) presents David Oistrakh and his son, Igor, in a good collection of works for virtuosi violins: Haydn's *Duo in B Flat*, Prokofiev's *Sonata for Two Violins*, Honegger's *Sonatina*, and Louis Spohr's *Duetto II in D Major*. The Oistrakh's play magnificently.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Laud Today, by Richard Wright. Written before *Native Son*, but now published for the first time (three years after Wright's death), this novel of a brutalized Chicago Negro in the 1930s is a grim reminder of a time, not long ago, when the pain caused by race prejudice was mainly economic.

The Conservative Enemy, by C.A.R. Crosland. A hard-minded British socialist hits out at fossilized economic thinking not only in his Tory enemies but by welfare-state dogmatists in his own party.

A Favourite of the Gods, by Sybille Bedford. Grand opera without music, about the dynastic rich of 19th century Europe, by a novelist with a fine feel for the trials of being well-born.

A Fortune in Dimes, by Mary Carter. A sardonic look at the beachbound aborigines of Pasadena, where in the author's view teen culture embraces all ages, and life is full, rich and empty.

On Revolution, by Hannah Arendt. In a shrewd study, Historian Arendt examines the long-held notion that revolutions cure social ills, concludes that most of them do more harm than good.

That Summer in Paris, by Morley Callaghan. How it was on the Left Bank in the 1920s by a Canadian writer who once knocked Hemingway down in a boxing match while Scott Fitzgerald kept time.

V., by Thomas Pynchon. A disordered but engaging first novel about alligators in a city sewer system, and a zany hero's search for the meaning of the letter 'V.'

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* and *Seymour: An Introduction*, Salinger (2, last week)
2. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (1)
3. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (3)
4. *Fail-Safe*, Hurdick and Wheeler (4)
5. *The Moon-Spinners*, Stewart (5)
6. *Triumph*, Wylie (6)
7. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier
8. *The Tin Drum*, Grass
9. *\$100 Misunderstanding*, Gover (9)
10. *The Moonflower Vine*, Carleton (7)

NONFICTION

1. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (1)
2. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (3)
3. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (7)
4. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (4)
5. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (5)
6. *The Fall of the Dynasties*, Taylor (8)
7. *The Points of My Compass*, White (6)
8. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (10)
9. *Silent Spring*, Carson (9)
10. *The Feminine Mystique*, Friedan

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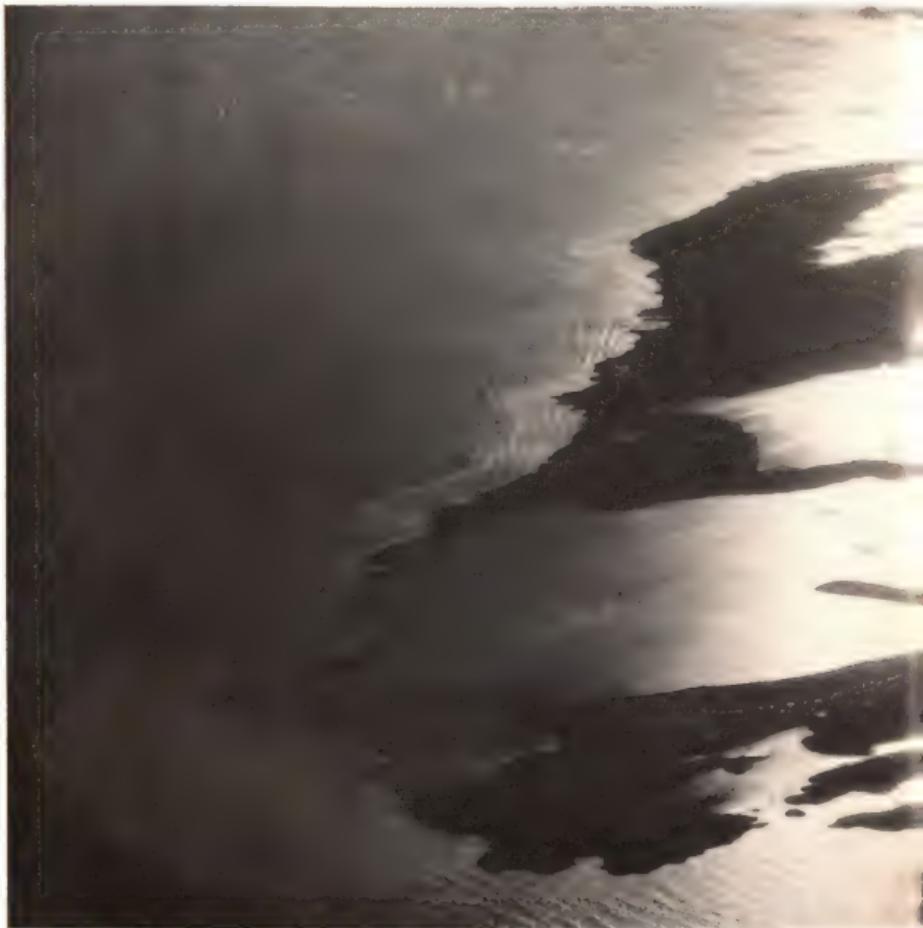
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Check The Castle's list. Our own 18-hole golf course and clubhouse (right at our door), heated

pool, private beach, tennis courts, smart shops, bicycles and motor bikes, private yacht club with sailing, water skiing, deep sea fishing. No other Bermuda resort offers *all* these things.

Add to this the superb location on a 180-acre estate overlooking Castle Harbour (the large body of water in the mid-foreground of the picture above); the great food; the renaissance of old-



Bermuda? The Castle! *(Read on and see why)*

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The Castle Harbour
BERMUDA

JOHN C. FISCHBECK II, PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER





It takes more than bucket seats to make a sports car.

Some people seem to think that a compact with bucket seats, wire wheels and a stick shift is a sports car. Don't you believe it. A true sports car is designed from the inside out. Like the TR-4.



Plant yourself in one of Triumph's bucket seats. Really holds you, doesn't it? Examine it carefully. That's genuine hand-crafted English leather.

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then hit those big disc brakes. You'll never have more control over a stop in your life. You'll discover that great feeling that comes when you know you're master of a superb machine.

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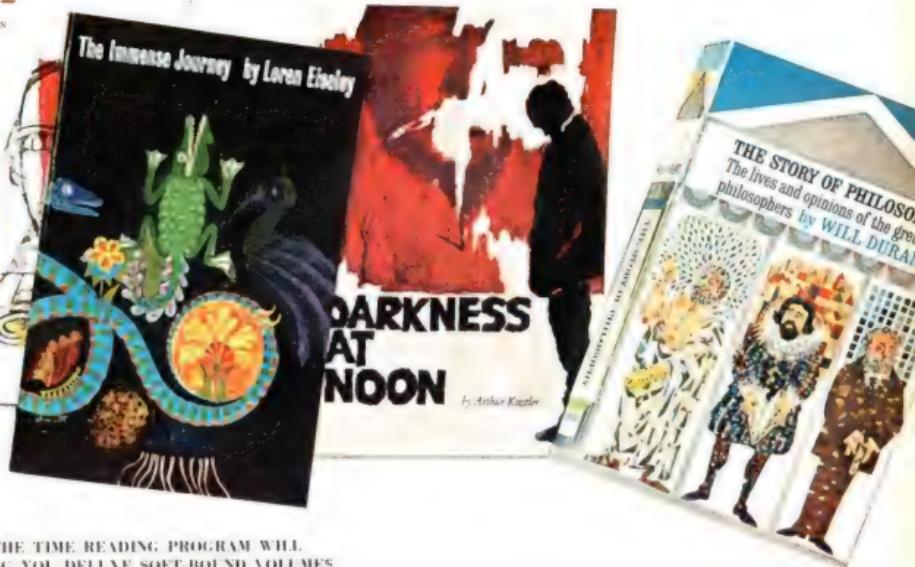
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Shakespeare

IVOR BROWN



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LETTERS

The Hard Row

Sir:

Mr. Koerner's covers are terrific! Few artists can convey that much sensitivity and personality with so few dabs of oil.

Your cover story [April 5] can be no more than just a caption to that wonderful portrait. The story is there, in Koerner's cover.

J. D. KIMMINS

Atlanta

Sir:

The Government should offer to sell each farmer as much grain as would normally be grown in one year, at a price slightly less than it would cost the farmer to grow it. The farmer would take a one-year vacation. The Government, instead of spending money, would get some of it back. Storage costs would be eliminated. The taxpayer would get some relief.

Are there any other problems that need solving, Mr. Freeman?

CARL E. SCHULTZ

St. Joseph, Mich.

Sir:

Why can't farmers operate under the law of supply and demand like other Americans?

SHARON SCHMIDT

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

As I have seen many people die of starvation, and as I myself have felt the pangs of hunger on several occasions during the last World War, I pray the Lord that this great country, which is offering me hospitality, may forever be faced with the "dismal prospect" [of the biggest harvest in history] with which Mr. Freeman has to deal at present.

M. PEAS

New York City

Sir:

The remark, "Farming has little appeal for young men nowadays," made my blood boil. What's wrong with farming? Where else can you be your own boss without punching a time clock? And why do people insist on cracking those corn-fed jokes about the "dumb" farmer and his wife?

Today's farmer is no dummy. He has a high school or college education. He knows how to dress and entertain. He keeps up with modern methods. He's dedicated to his job and proud of it.

And what's more, I'd like to see you city people manage a fulltime operation all by yourself, all on your own capital, and try to make it a profitable enterprise.

CAROL KAY SUEDMEYER

Okawville, Ill.

Pay the Tab

Sir:

Regarding the ransom paid to Castro for the Bay of Pigs fiasco, should not the label have been "In the Red" rather than "In the Black" [March 29]?

Some weeks ago, your magazine reported that the drug firms were donating drugs. Now you report that profits from the donations are being turned over to charity. Is it not true that the ransom is being paid by taxpayers? Why deceive the public by giving the impression that drug firms are generous, kind-hearted corporations? The simple fact is that we are paying the ransom, although most of us do not know it and some of us do not like it.

PAUL E. SPAYDE

Lakewood, Ohio

Sir:

Hooray for Bobby! Business in the black, U.S. Treasury in the red, and J.F.K. off the hook. Diverting Treasury funds is now constitutional.

DOUG SMITH

Sterling, Kans.

Calling AC3PT

Sir:

Crown Prince Namgyal of Sikkim [March 29] is an amateur radio operator using the call letters AC3PT. To the thousands of us "hams" who have talked to him or have heard him on the air, reading about his wedding to Hope Cooke was indeed a thrill.

SUE PIERCE

K5SBN
Cut Off, La.

Nasser's World

Sir:

Your story on "The Middle East" [March 29] is a tribute to free and responsible journalism. The article is at least 90% fair, reasonable and objective. Congratulations!

MOHAMMAD T. MEHDI

Arab States Delegations Office
New York City

Sir:

Nasser, as you pointed out, spends money, manpower and thinking time on uniting the Arab world. Your article gives the feeling that this is a commendable thing. But isn't Russia doing something similar in parts of Africa, and wouldn't it dearly love to have a united world, toeing the party line?

TIM G. SYMONDS

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your excellent cover story will contribute much to better understanding this much maligned, much misunderstood, truly remarkable man. During a lengthy interview in 1961, Nasser told me: "I could never become a Communist for two reasons: first, I believe in God. Second, my people could not trust me if I did."

GRANT C. BUTLER®

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

I cherish Robert Vickrey's covers. But I am sorry he put Nasser's head where it obscured the Sphinx's ear. The last time I saw that ear (Easter, 1960), there was a bird's nest on top of it.

W. ROBERT HOLMES

Albany, N. Y.

o Author (*Kings and Camels*).

Sir:

In which of the nations concerned did your fine March 29 cover story make the newsstands?

HENRY W. HOLT

Torrington, Conn.

► *The issue was banned in Syria, Saudi Arabia and Jordan, but circulated in Egypt, Iraq and Lebanon.*—Ed.

Mother Seton's Children

Sir:

What happened to Betty Seton's five children?

CAROL JONES

West Covina, Calif.

► *Two of the children died during their mother's lifetime; both were buried at the cemetery of St. Joseph's Provincial House, Emmitsburg, Md. Rebecca, the youngest, was only 14 when she succumbed to a hip injury. Anna Maria (Sister Anna) died as a novice of the order; she was not quite 17. Catherine Josephine survived her mother, became a Sister of Mercy, New York City, lived to the age of 91. One of the two sons, Richard, a bachelor, was a seaman and died at sea at age 25. He contracted a contagious disease from a minister aboard ship whom he volunteered to care for. William, who lived to 71, was the only one to marry, had seven children, four girls and three boys. His grandson Ferdinand Jevons, now 87, of Huntington, N.Y., is the only surviving direct descendant of Mrs. Seton.*—Ed.

In Cool Distaste

Sir:

This letter is not written in "hot haste"—it is written in cool, appalled distaste for the so-called Insider school [March 29].

Inside of what?

This current sickness fad that portrays man as a mishapen, shaglike, soulless shape stripped of all dignity and humanism is an insult to those of us old-fashioned enough to believe that "man is created in God's own image." This studio-card art creates no pity, no sympathy, no understanding—just repugnance, despite all the loud posturing of its well-publicized practitioners.

By the shovelload, it can't begin to equal a fraction of the tenderness, pity, humanism and dignity evoked from a single painting by a Wyeth, or a Hopper, or a Shahn, or a Broderson, and others of the Outsiders.

WILLIAM D. GORMAN

Bayonne, N. J.

The Original Christys

Sir:

The Christy Minstrels [March 29] will be hard put to score any hits as lasting as some of those introduced by the original Christy

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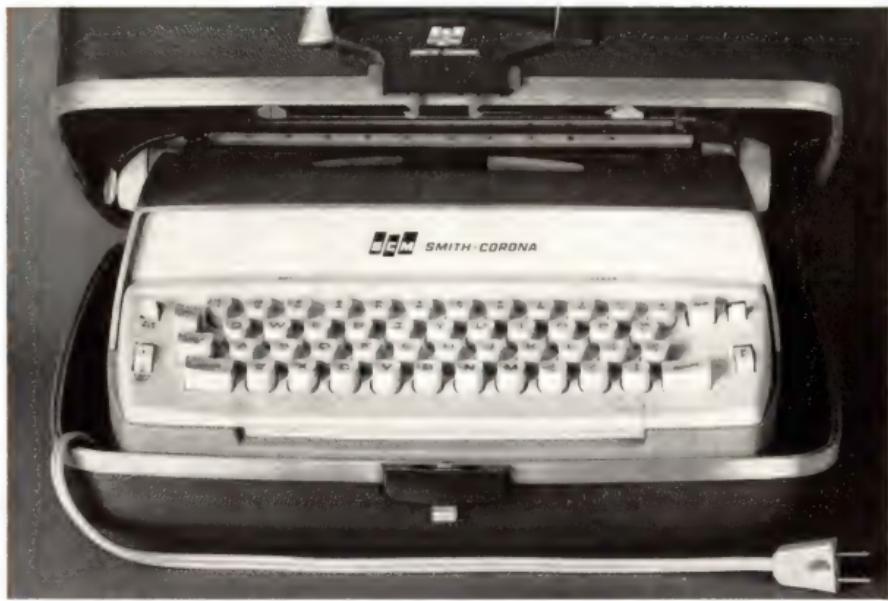
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you don't have electricity

If you are electrified (and who isn't?), there never was a better time to find out how fast, how easy, how good-looking your typing is on a Smith-Corona Electric Portable. During spring trade-in time, you can own it for the lowest cost ever!

Electricity takes over the work of typing. No more pounding the keys. You simply depress any key. Electricity flips the letter.

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National Aeronautics and Space Administration to build the Explorer XVII structure. We built eight spheres—six prototypes for testing and evaluation, one for flight, and one for backup. Special Budd skills are applied in many other ways to help further the nation's progress and preparedness. To learn how these skills can work to your advantage, write Walter B. Dean, Product Development, The Budd Company, Philadelphia 32, Pa.

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I found out what he does on those "business" trips to Rio.

And frankly it's just as I suspected.

First he plunks himself down in this fancy Varig jet and they serve him an absolute avalanche of caviar and vintage wines and filet mignon and champagne. (Once he mentioned a Varig dinner "with Latin American delicacies." He never said those Latin American delicacies were *serving* the dinner.) Then he stays at "the same old hotel again." This turns out to be a fantastic Taj Mahal of a place, with terraces overlooking that unbelievably beautiful Copacabana Beach and all those believably beautiful women

sunning themselves.

Of course the evenings begin with cocktails at a sidewalk cafe. This helps him through the ordeal of picking one restaurant out of the hundreds that Rio is practically jammed with. And I suppose you can imagine which "tired" businessman sees a midnight floor-show, sambas 'til sunup and cha-chas all the way back to the hotel!

Sure, he spends the next few days racing around to conferences with a company sales manager or district whoozit, or something. But somehow he also finds time to play

some golf. And shop for Brazilian antiques and bossa nova records and pottery and paintings and such. And stroll the mosaic sidewalks. And swim before breakfast. And ride the cable car up Sugar Loaf. And . . . oh, I could go on and on. But look: why not find out the truth for yourself? Get your husband to take you along.

That's what I did.



634 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

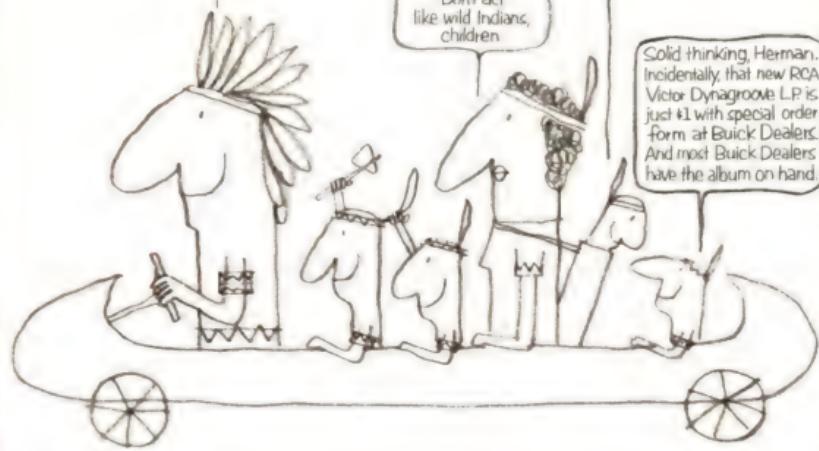
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Don't act like wild Indians, children

Solid thinking, Herman. Incidentally, that new RCA Victor Dynagroove LP is just \$1 with special order form at Buick Dealers. And most Buick Dealers have the album on hand.

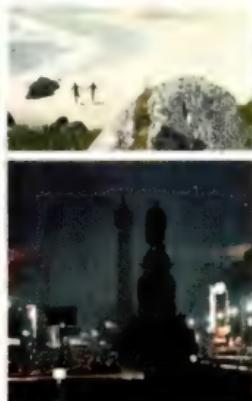


* Based on Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Price for models named above. (Includes reimbursement for Federal Excise Tax and Suggested Dealer Delivery and Handling Charge). Transportation charges, State and local taxes, accessories and optional equipment additional.

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In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

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THE NATION

POLITICS

Some Blows for Next Year

Political seismographs recorded last week the first advance tremors of 1964. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller sailed into Kansas and Nebraska in what was unmistakably a forward-looking effort to win friends in what used to be Nixon country. From Washington, the National Republican Senatorial Committee mailed out invitations to a \$1000-a-plate dinner to be held in May with Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater as guest of honor. The dinner is billed as a "preview of the bright prospects of 1964." Kentucky's Thruston B. Morton, chairman of the committee, happily pointed out that in 1964 the G.O.P. will have extraordinarily favorable arithmetic going for it in Senate races. Only nine Republican seats will be at stake as against 25 Democratic seats and only six of them Southern.

"Downright Spongy." At his press conference, John F. Kennedy showed unmistakably that he, too, is thinking ahead to 1964. He strode to the microphones with the springy belligerence of a middleweight boxer. A note of impatience ran through his answers to reporters' early questions as if he could hardly wait for a subject really worth punching. Then a reporter asked him whether he cared to comment on a letter that Dwight Eisenhower recently sent to Indiana's House Minority Leader Charlie Halleck. Eisenhower's letter urged "major surgery" on Kennedy's spending plans. The Administration's space program, Ike charged, is "downright spongy" and wastes "enormous sums."

Kennedy did indeed care to comment. He had examined the Ike record. He said



KENNEDY

Smooth, therefore slugging.

and found it riddled with budget deficits, gold outflows, recessions and high unemployment. "That's not a record that we plan to duplicate if we can help it."

As for spongy space programs, Kennedy blamed his heavy space expenditures on Ike: "We are second in space today because we started late. It requires a large sum of money. I don't think we should look with equanimity upon the prospect that we will be second all through the '60s and possibly the '70s." And as for excessive spending elsewhere in the budget Kennedy virtually claimed to be an economist compared with Ike. "The fact of the matter is, in non-defense non-space expenditures, we've put in less of an increase in our three years than President Eisenhower did in his last three years."

"Beset by Stalemate." It was by far the hardest-punching attack that Kennedy has ever aimed at Ike. One reason for the surge of belligerency was that Kennedy himself had been getting punched of late. The week's election news was worrisome. In Michigan, the voters adopted the new constitution that Republican Governor George Romney had been battling for and the victory both brightened Romney's luster and dimmed the prospects that Kennedy will carry Michigan in 1964 as he did in 1960. In Chicago, Mayor Richard Daley, who helped Kennedy mightily in his close squeak in 1960, won re-election by only a mediocre margin against a weak opponent.



ROCKEFELLER
Sallying.

The return of New York's long-strike-bound newspapers brought from columnists a renewed freshet of negative pronouncements upon the New Frontier. "Frustration and stalemate," wrote the Times's James Reston, "now seem to be the order of the day for the Administration." Echoed the Herald Tribune's Robert J. Donovan: "The President is beset by stalemate and sluggishness."

Frustration, stalemate and sluggishness are grave charges against any President but especially against one who campaigned on the theme that he would get the nation "moving again." It is embarrassing to President Kennedy today to have his performance measured against that often reiterated campaign promise, and it might be highly embarrassing in 1964. That consideration helps explain the vigor of the President's attack on Ike. It would be safer to be measured in 1964 not against 1960 promises but against the performance of the Eisenhower Administration—that is, if Kennedy himself is doing the comparing.

FOREIGN RELATIONS A Cool Hot Line

During October's Cuban crisis, messages moved with nerve-tugging sluggishness between the Kremlin and the White House. Some exchanges took as long as seven hours. Last week, at disarmament talks in Geneva, the Russians agreed to Kennedy's proposal to hook up a direct line of communication between Premier Khrushchev and the President. But it will probably be a Teletype, not a telephone—Kennedy feels that a few heated words over a hot line phone might lead to war.



ROMNEY
Brightening.

FOREIGN AID

A Quest for Concepts

The national dialogue over foreign aid that breaks out in the U.S. each spring often takes on some of the qualities of a bad dream. Defenders emit a high-sounding but vague rhetoric. Critics recite nightmarish examples of waste. The two sides seldom even get into communication. Both tend to talk in black and white terms of something that is a complex mixture of pale to dark greys.

Contributing to the confusion of debate is the fact that foreign aid has undergone



ADMINISTRATOR BELL
Breaking out of the bad dream.

numerous transformations of structure and purpose through the 17 years during which the U.S. has pumped \$100 billion in aid to more than 100 countries. And through it all, says the University of Chicago's political scientist Hans Morgenthau, the U.S. never managed to "develop an intelligible theory of foreign aid that could provide standards of judgment for both the supporters and opponents of a particular measure."

"Bum & Beggar Nations." In the past year, however, a broad re-examination of foreign aid has been going on in the U.S., and in the course of it, coherent concepts have emerged. A thoughtful article by Morgenthau in the *American Political Science Review* last June helped get the re-examination going. He called for tougher-minded selectivity in the handing out of economic development aid. Some nations, he wrote, "are bum and beggar nations" that cannot really make use of development aid unless they undergo a "miraculous transformation of their collective intelligence and character." Above all, he argued that aid can be effective only if it is "considered an integral part of the political policies of the giving country."

The U.S. has discovered how effective the Morgenthau concept of using aid as a political instrument can be. After South Korea's military head man, General Park Chung Hee, threatened to go back on his

promise to permit elections in the fall, the U.S. warned that it might reduce military and economic aid to Korea. Last week General Park said that he would hold elections after all. Similarly, the U.S. recently used Brazil's need for continued aid installments to prod the government into moving to curb inflation.

Various New Frontiersmen including Chester Bowles and David Bell, have also argued for sterner selectivity in the distribution of aid funds. Says Bell, the Administration's new foreign aid boss: "It would be a mistake for the U.S. to try to engage in anything like a worldwide welfare program. What we are trying to do is assist the people of these countries to get in the position where they can solve their own problems." Last month President Kennedy's special Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World, headed by retired General Lucius D. Clay, produced a report that, while thoroughly endorsing the principle of foreign aid, declared: "We cannot believe that our national interest is served by indefinitely continuing commitments at the present rate to 95 countries and territories" (TIME, March 29). The report concluded that the U.S. could well reduce its present aid program by \$500 million.

Sense-Making Objectives. The year-long re-examination was reflected last week in President Kennedy's foreign aid message to Congress. Heeding the Clay committee, he trimmed his request for new aid funds from \$4.9 billion to \$4.5 billion. And he set forth sense-making objectives:

- "To apply stricter standards of selectivity and self-help in aiding developing countries." As an example of progress, he said that only 20 nations now get 50% of all development aid and that 60% of it is laid out in the form of repayable loans rather than outright grants. Aid, he said, must be used "as a catalyst for progress and not as a handout."
- "To achieve a reduction and ultimate elimination of U.S. assistance by enabling nations to stand on their own as rapidly as possible."
- "To secure the increased participation of other industrialized nations in sharing the cost of international development assistance."
- "To lighten any adverse impact of the aid program on our own balance of payments and economy."
- "To continue to assist in the defense of countries under the threat of external and internal Communist attack." He cited the Clay report's finding that "dollar for dollar" military aid programs contribute more to the security of the free world than corresponding expenditures in our defense appropriations."
- "To increase the role of private investment and other nontederal resources in assisting developing nations." He offered legislative proposals to implement this objective: a tax credit on U.S. private investments in underdeveloped countries; expansion of U.S. guarantees to investors against heavy losses abroad through expropriation and other hazards.

The President said that all of the recent studies of foreign aid agree that "these assistance programs are of great value to our deepest national interest—that their basic concepts and organization are properly conceived—that progress has been made and is being made in translating these concepts into action." And he added, rightly of course, that much still remains to be done to improve our performance and make the best possible use of these programs.

THE ADMINISTRATION Back from Limbo

In the early days of the New Frontier Chester Bowles was a conspicuous and important man—Under Secretary of State and an insider in major White House foreign policy decisions. But after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, ex-Adman Bowles aroused Kennedy's anger by telling newsmen that he had disagreed with the invasion plans. For that mixture of indiscretion and disloyalty, Kennedy dropped Bowles from his No. 2 post in the State Department and gave him a new job that was long on title—the President's Special Representative and Adviser on African, Asian and Latin American Affairs—but short on authority. During his 16 months in this job, Bowles has traveled to 37 countries. At the time of last fall's Cuban crisis, he was in far-off Nigeria, preparing to raise a flag above the U.S. pavilion at an international trade fair.

Even in his wanderings, Bowles managed to make himself needed. Last August he surfaced with a persuasive memorandum suggesting that the U.S. cut off foreign aid to nations that "lack the competence, organization and will" to use it intelligently. He also sold the President two conclusions he formed from observing



ENVY BOWLES & EMBASSY DRIVER (Iqbal)
Returning to where they like him.

the work of U.S. embassies in Africa, Asia and Latin America; ambassadors' tours of duty should be considerably lengthened (they had been averaging only 17 months), and their responsibilities should be broadened to cover U.S. aid, military and information programs in their bailiwicks.

Last week word came from the White House that the President had named Bowles Ambassador to India, a post he filled in 1951-53 as an appointee of Harry Truman. Bowles will replace Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, who wants to go back to Harvard. Perhaps Kennedy has forgiven Bowles. Or perhaps, looking ahead to 1964, he thought there might be a bit of political risk in keeping Bowles in limbo. Bowles still has a band of admirers among U.S. liberals, some of whom used to think of him as presidential timber.

At any rate, both Bowles and the Indians have reasons to be pleased. During his previous tour in India, Bowles sometimes seemed to have gone native in his judgments as well as his behavior, but his you're-as-good-as-we-are approach—riding a bicycle through New Delhi streets, sending three of his children to Indian schools—endeared him to the Indians. And Bowles can congratulate himself upon returning to the big time, despite the oddities of the new U.S. embassy in New Delhi (see *MODERN LIVING*). India is the biggest of non-Communist nations, and with the Chinese Communists perched on its northern borders, it is one of the U.S.'s most important ambassadorial posts. "If one wanted to be rid of him," said a State Department official, "I could think of ten other places to put him—but never India."

"A Damned Comic Opera"

Teamed in tight-lipped pairs, a squad of determined men ranged the Pentagon last week. They were military gunshoos from the Air Force inspector general's office sent out on a mission that was both sinister and ridiculous. "It's a damned comic opera," snapped a longtime Pentagon official. "I've never seen anything like this."

Act I of the comic opera began in late March, when Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara got sore because a Senate subcommittee planned to investigate the multibillion-dollar TFX fighter plane contract (TIME, March 22; April 5). Then the Washington Star's Pentagon Reporter Richard Fryklund got hold of a behind-the-scenes (but unclassified) Air Force memorandum detailing the moans of Air Force experts who felt they had been cruelly treated by the subcommittee's staff. The memo complained that staff interrogators' "oral abuse . . . harsh language . . . threats . . . rapid-fire questions . . . emotional rantings" had so unnerved the doughty men of the Pentagon that one collapsed from "nervous exhaustion and recurring ulcer" and two more came down with "deep fatigue."

Search for a Leak. The Star played Fryklund's story on Page One under the headline **AIR FORCE HITS TFX PROBE TAC-**



BLANCHARD



FRYKLUND

THE PENTAGON
Leaving behind fear, sorrow and anger.

tics. The story irritated Arkansas' Senator John McClellan, the subcommittee chairman, since he felt it reflected on his staff.

McNamara got sizzling angry. It wasn't that he "doubted the truth" of the memo, he told a purpling Senator McClellan. But he himself, said McNamara, had "done everything possible to bottle up what is a very damaging memorandum." He had directly ordered that it be locked in a Pentagon safe. And now here it was on the front pages. "This has happened to me 15 or 20 times in the last 26 months," rumbled McNamara. "I became so upset about the situation that on several occasions I have discussed it with the Attorney General and J. Edgar Hoover."

This time McNamara did not call the FBI, but summoned his Air Force inspector general, burly, crew-cut Lieut. General W. H. ("Butch") Blanchard. The general swept right into the leak-seeking game by calling Reporter Fryklund to his office and asking him point-blank who gave him the memo. Fryklund stood firm upon his obligation to protect his sources, so Blanchard unleashed his plainclothes investigators.

Descending upon Pentagon officials, the probes flashed identification cards and snapped out a series of questions: Are you acquainted with Richard Fryklund? When did you last see Fryklund? Have you seen the Air Force memorandum in question? Did you give it to Fryklund? Etc. After hearing the answers, the interrogators gravely asked each person questioned to sign an affidavit swearing that he had told the truth. That done, the inspector general's men capped the ordeal by whipping out still another document—this one labeled in bold letters, **CONSENT TO UNDERGO LIE-DETECTOR EXAMINATION**.

In all, 120 Pentagon denizens were subjected to this grating business (one got out of a sickbed for the quiz). They ranged from alarmed female secretaries to high officials appointed by the President—

Navy Secretary Fred Korth, Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert, and even Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric. No, 2 man in the Pentagon, Zuckert and a few other officials refused to sign the agreement to submit to a lie-detector test. Korth and Gilpatric signed.

Residue of Fear. The very first question the President got asked at his mid-week press conference was "How do you feel about using lie detectors on men you have appointed to office?" Kennedy parried by asking whether the reporter was "talking about a hypothetical case or an actual case," but then he came out and said the lie-detector tactic was a "mistake." Since nobody was actually subjected to a lie-detector test, he went on, "I don't think we need concern ourselves in the future about it."

The great leak hunt, however, could not be dismissed quite as easily as all that. Embarrassed Secretary McNamara had halted the investigation (with the culprit still unfound), but it left behind a lingering residue of fear, sorrow and anger in the Pentagon. "It's a tragedy for those of us who work here," mourned a Pentagon official. "If we're not to be trusted, what's the use of being in this business?"

ELECTIONS Overwhelming, He Said

Chicago voters last week re-elected potato-shaped Mayor Richard Daley to a third term. That in itself was hardly a surprise: Daley (TIME cover, March 15) was figured to be a sure winner from the start. But surprise the election brought, nonetheless: though the mayor chirruped about his "overwhelming victory," his margin was narrow by Chicago standards.

Daley got 55.6% of the votes, beating Republican Benjamin Adamowski by 137,531. Against a formidable opponent that would have been a creditable showing, but not against Adamowski. An ex-



CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

MAYOR DALEY & WIFE
Victory on the lean side.

Democrat who had been a notably unsuccessful state's attorney. Adamowski had a sure-loser aura about him, even established his campaign headquarters in the Casualty Building. He carried on a drab campaign, failed to win the support of any of Chicago's newspapers (all of them Republican, more or less), stirred no enthusiasm in many G.O.P. ward leaders. Then why didn't Daley wallop Adamowski so good? Apparently, a lot of Chicagoans were restive about Daley's tax increases the latest of which was a 3% boost in real estate taxes. Adamowski's fellow Republicans could well ponder what might have happened if they had put up a stronger candidate.

MICHIGAN

Citizens' Victory

In his own brisk, tenacious way, Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney has striven to prove his campaign contention that he was a "citizen's candidate." Right after his inauguration last January, he established "Citizen's Thursdays," an open-door invitation to anybody who has anything whatever to say to him provided the visitor says it within five minutes—a timer rings a bell to mark the close of each interview.

Citizen's Thursdays have been an immense popular success. So, too, was Romney's thrust to make sure of Detroit's selection as the official U.S. choice for the site of the 1968 Olympic Games. Confronted with eager competition from Los Angeles, Romney swiftly steered through the legislature two bills enabling Michigan to raise the funds and build the necessary facilities. Armed with the new legislation, he sped to New York to present Detroit's case before the U.S. Olympic Committee. The winner: Detroit (which must now compete with several cities in other countries).

The Con-Con Battle. Romney's No. 1 objective during his first months in office has been to persuade the citizens of Michigan to adopt a new state constitution.

The old one, written in 1908, has been amended 67 times, runs nearly three times as long as the federal Constitution and Romney argues, acts as a drag on Michigan's progress. It was the fight for a new constitution that brought Romney from automaking to politics. Having started the compact-car revolution with the Rambler, Romney in 1959 sparked Michigan's constitutional convention (called Con-Con for short). In the midst of the Con-Con struggle, he declared that he was going to run for Governor. Romney proceeded to build his gubernatorial campaign around Con-Con, and when he won, his victory seemed a victory for the proposed new constitution as well.

Last week, in a statewide referendum the citizens of Michigan voted to adopt the new constitution, and its victory seemed a victory for Romney as well.

Allied with Romney in the battle to get the Con-Con constitution adopted was an array of civic and professional organizations, as well as the Republican Party. The most important opponents were the Democratic Party and the United Auto Workers. What the opponents objected to most strenuously was the proposed constitution's provisions on legislative reapportionment. At the convention, Democrats had argued for legislative representation based solely upon population, but Con-Con adopted instead a complex provision giving 50% weight to population and 50% to "land area." The area factor would give extra representation to the state's predominantly Republican rural sections.

The Legendary Cry. Romney planned to go to bed early on referendum night but the tallies ran so close that he had to stay up late to see the outcome. At one point during the night, the Detroit Free Press started rolling with an edition proclaiming that the proposed constitution had been defeated. Then somebody discovered arithmetical errors, and that legendary cry "Stop the presses" actually rang out in the pressroom. The final vote count has yet to be made, but the margin of victory was only about .6% of the 1,600,000 votes cast.

Michigan's new constitution provides for four-year terms (instead of two-year) for the Governor and Lieutenant Governor and other high officials. It requires that the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor be members of the same party (the present Lieutenant Governor, T. John Lesinski, is a Democrat). It erases Michigan's strangling short-term-debt limit of \$250,000 by authorizing short-term borrowing of up to about \$70 million. And it provides for combining the state government's bewildering jumble of 120 administrative segments in a manageable pattern of 20 agencies.

On balance, the new constitution makes it possible for the Governor of Michigan to do a much more effective job of running his state and coping with its economic and fiscal difficulties. "Despite the narrow margin," said Governor Romney, "this appears to be a citizens' victory."

NEW YORK

The Great Liquor Scandal

Off to the Midwest flew New York's Governor Rockefeller, bound for a brisk round of political speechmaking and handshaking in Topeka and Omaha. The famous grin seemed as broad as ever. But behind him in New York, Rocky had left a reeking scandal that could damage his 1964 prospects. The scandal: appalling graft and bribery in the State Liquor Authority, which has power to grant, withhold or revoke the various permits needed by New York's 100,000 bars, restaurants and liquor stores.

Some especially interesting aspects of the S.L.A. case involved lawyers who appeared before the S.L.A. or whose law firms represented clients seeking liquor licenses. According to some petitioners, there was such an animal as the "in" lawyer, one with enough influence to steer applications over the S.L.A.'s bureaucratic shoals. The "in" lawyer, of course, was usually able to succeed where "out" lawyers failed, and so commanded top fees for his work. There was nothing wrong with being an "in" lawyer, but what seemed curious was the fact that three former "in" types also happened to rank as virtually the top Republican politicians in the state government, after Rocky himself. The three

• JUDSON MORHOUSE, G.O.P. state chairman, and one of Rockefeller's closest political advisers before the scandal began



EX-CHAIRMAN MORHOUSE
Trouble on the Rock.

erupting last year. He got \$18,000 from Chicago's Playboy enterprises, which publishes *Playboy* and runs a string of private clubs featuring skimpily clad "bunnies." The new Playboy Club in Manhattan needed a liquor license, was at first refused one, then got it after Morhouse was hired to do some legal and public relations work. Morhouse's lawyer denies that there was any connection between Morhouse's activities and the granting of the license. "Of course," he adds, "it goes without saying that if he could put in a good word for

them here and there in regard to their liquor license . . ." Morhouse has resigned his party and government posts.

• **WALTER MAHONEY**, majority leader in the state senate. He has not appeared before the S.L.A. on behalf of a client for some time, but other members of his Buffalo law firm have. One client got permission to open a liquor store in a Rochester shopping center, although the S.L.A. normally refuses to license locations in shopping centers.

• **LOUIS LEFKOWITZ**, attorney general. He was a "liquor lawyer" before he took office in 1937, and his law associate, Hyman Siegel, still is. A tape recording made surreptitiously in an S.L.A. office (and published in *LIFE*) suggests that after Lefkowitz was gone he was not forgotten:

Mrs. X (liquor store owner having license trouble): Afford the right lawyer? How much would that be?

S.L.A. Official: A good man would charge \$7,500. But you say you can't afford that.

Mrs. X: I'll get the money . . . Who do I see?

Official: Well, I don't know if I should give you Mr. Big's name. You're in the business; you should know it.

Mrs. X: If I knew it, I wouldn't be in this situation, would I?

Official: All right, you go see Louis Lefkowitz' partner. You know Louis can't handle things personally now. It's obvious, I'll write it down for you.

Since the scandal started breaking, Governor Rockefeller has cooperated energetically with the grand jury's investigations and with the New York City district attorney's office. He fired S.L.A. Chairman Martin Epstein, who refused to testify under an immunity waiver, appointed an ex-FBI man to take his place. Even so, Rockefeller will inevitably, as Governor, be tarred with some responsibility for the scandal, if only because he appointed Epstein chairman of S.L.A. And the scandal will not go away any time soon. New York City's Assistant D.A. Alfred Scotti has ten accountants, 60 detectives and ten special investigators still digging.

RACES

Revolt of the Mexicans

In the central square of Crystal City stands a statue of Popeye, a symbol of the town's claim that it is "the spinach capital of the world." Otherwise, Crystal City (pop. 10,000) is like a lot of other farm towns in South Texas. Mexican-Americans outnumber Anglo-Americans four to one, but the Anglos run the place.

Last week, with Texas Rangers standing by to keep order, hundreds of Crystal City Mexicans gathered round the statue of Popeye. It was election day in Crystal City, and a revolt was under way. One by one, Mexicans crossed the square and lined up at city hall to vote, many for the first time in their lives. When the votes were counted, Mexican candidates had captured all five seats on the city council. And control of the council gave the Mexicans control of the town govern-

ment, with authority to appoint the mayor, the marshal, and other officers.

The revolt in Crystal City was managed by a three-year-old Texas organization called Viva Kennedy during the presidential campaign, now named PASO (short for Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations). Dedicated to the advancement of Mexican-Americans, PASO chose Crystal City as a test site for a get-out-the-Mexican-vote drive. At first the Anglos paid little attention to the PASO rallies, but as election day neared, they discovered that more than twice as many Mexicans as Anglos (1,139



CRYSTAL CITY'S POPEYE STATUE
Spinach with chili beans.

to 532) had paid poll taxes to vote. In a flurry of appeasement, the city council voted \$500,000 for paving streets in the Mexican section. Prominent Anglo citizens took every Mexican council candidate aside and tried to talk him out of running. "We've always got along," said one Anglo. "Why do you want to stir up this sort of trouble?"

In a way, the Crystal City Mexicans did stir up trouble for themselves. They control the town's government, but the Anglos control its economy. One council-seat winner got fired from his job in a hardware store. Another found his wages cut in half by his Anglo employer. But, mindful that Mexicans outnumber Anglos in South Texas, PASO looks upon the Crystal City election as a momentous triumph. Says Albert Fuentes, the PASO official who led the campaign: "We have done the impossible. If we can do it in Crystal City, we can do it all over Texas. We can awake the sleeping giant." On election day, the Mexicans have learned, all South Texans are equal.

The Enlightened Ones

As the home of the University of California's main campus and of nine Nobel prize winners, Berkeley likes to think of itself as more enlightened and sophisticated than all of those tract-house havens across the bay from San Francisco. Last January, in keeping with the community's idea of itself, the Berkeley City Council passed an exceedingly tough ordinance against discrimination in housing.

Shortly before, a citizens committee had concluded that "discrimination within the city is widespread and general, both in the rental and sale of housing." In the last ten years, Berkeley's Negro population had increased 65%, to about 20% of the total (111,000). Most of the Negroes are confined to the west and southwest sections of the city, where two public schools are nearly all-Negro.

To break up that pattern, the ordinance banned "discrimination because of race, color, religion, national origin or ancestry" in all housing transactions, including mortgage loans. It provided for a board to investigate complaints and, if private persuasion fails, to order corrective action. Anybody found guilty by a court of violating a board order could be jailed for six months, fined \$500.

Before the ordinance could be put into effect, a group of citizens obtained 10,500 signatures on a petition to force a referendum. Last week, after a bitter campaign, 82% of Berkeley's voters turned out and, perhaps deciding that the ordinance was too tough and too subject to vagaries of judgment, killed it by a vote of 22,720 to 20,325.

Shutting Powell's Mouth

New York's Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. is a much criticized man, but he has a handy retort to any charge leveled against him: the critic says Powell is obviously prejudiced against Negroes.

Last February, for example, Delaware Senator John J. Williams publicly criticized Harlem Congressman Powell for wasting federal funds, junketing to Europe with two female staff members, and paying his wife a congressional staff salary of \$13,000 a year, although she spends most of her time at the Powell villa in Puerto Rico. Powell replied that he was being attacked because he is a Negro.

When the House voted to cut appropriations for Powell's Education and Labor Committee by 40%, the word from Powell's side was that Negro-hating Southern Congressmen arranged the reduction. Last week, after Powell attacked the N.A.A.C.P. on the strange ground that it is controlled by whites, the sober New York Times rumbled that he was "busily making himself one of the greatest enemies of the American Negro in public life." Powell had his answer ready, *The Times*, he said, is "very biased."

Powell throws the "anti-Negro" stone as a weapon of attack as well as defense. Three years ago he charged that the New York City police department practices



ADAM

So who's prejudiced?



MRS. JAMES

discrimination against Negroes. In the course of a House speech on that subject, Powell declared that one Esther James, a Harlem Negro, had been "extorting money from gamblers for the purpose of transmitting this money to police officers." Later, in a TV interview, he called Mrs. James "a bagwoman for the police department." That seemingly pointless attack on one of his own race proved to be a costly blunder.

Mrs. James, 66, a widowed domestic, sued Powell for \$1,000,000. Powell's lawyers produced two men who testified that they were gamblers and that they regularly paid Mrs. James for protection against arrests. A police officer called by Mrs. James's lawyers testified that she was actually an enemy of gamblers, often reporting their activities to him.

Last week the all-white jury deliberated 3½ hours, turned in a judgment requiring Powell to pay Mrs. James \$211,500. "This is the happiest day of my life," cried Mrs. James. "The king is dead, Adam Clayton Powell is dead. Now he will just have to keep his big mouth shut." Powell, though hardly dead, was indeed uncommonly silent. And no wonder: he could hardly claim that in deciding against him the jury had shown prejudice against Negroes.

Yankee, Go Home

Greenwood, Miss., has been roiling with tension and violence ever since last summer, when Negro students from out of town moved in to get a voter-registration drive going. A fire has gutted the students' headquarters, one Negro has been wounded by a gun blast, 27 have been arrested, and one has been bitten by a police dog. Every day clusters of Negroes march toward the courthouse to register, and every day the police methodically disperse them.

Hoping to dramatize their cause, the student leaders recently appealed for the help of outstanding U.S. Negroes. Into Greenwood last week came Chicago's Dick Gregory, 30, a nightclub-circuit comedian, whose stock in trade is acidulous (and sometimes funny) commentary

on segregation, both Southern and Northern. His performance in Greenwood was enough to make Negroes there wish he had stayed in Chicago. The uninhibited jeers and gibes he aimed at the cops and other whites ("You're nothing but a bunch of dirty dogs!") were noisy and embarrassingly out of key with the quiet, deliberately passive tone of the student leaders.

For the most part, the Greenwood police let Gregory yell un molested. They were plainly wary of tangling with a celebrity. During one demonstration, the police intercepted a band of marchers and systematically hauled them onto a bus to be sent to jail. A cop grabbed Gregory, but Police Commissioner B. A. Hammond instantly rushed in, ordered the man to let go. When all the other Negroes had been stuffed aboard, the bus rolled away, leaving Comedian Gregory standing there all alone.

GREGORY
So who's funny?

AGRICULTURE

Green Ex-Pastures

On his 84 acres in Cleveland County, N.C., Namon Hamrick barely managed to scratch a living as a farmer. He tried cotton, grains and cattle at various times, but, he says, "I never cleared over \$1,000 off of farming in one year in my whole life." Then Hamrick tried an entirely new kind of crop. He has prospered so well with it that farmers all over the nation have telephoned him to ask for advice. Hamrick's new crop is golf.

Back in 1961, leathery, ham-handed Farmer Hamrick started playing golf with fellow members of the local Lions Club on the only public golf course in the county. That gave him the idea of opening a course of his own. "I just started planting grass instead of cotton," he says. To raise capital, he sold 28 cattle for \$2,800, mortgaged his property. With the help of a golf pro and an equipment salesman, he laid out and landscaped a nine-hole course on about 60 acres. Soon golfers flocked to his place and paid to play—\$1 on weekdays, \$1.50 on weekends. That year he grossed \$8,000, more money than he had ever dreamed of raking in as a farmer.

Hamrick, 44, wanted to expand his links to 18 holes, but he lacked capital to buy more land. To the rescue came that openhanded giant, the federal Agriculture Department. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman has adopted a policy of helping marginal family farmers convert some of their land to recreation uses. That approach, Freeman hopes, will both make a dent in farm surpluses and enable some poor farmers to earn a better living. Congress has obliged by broadening the lending authority of the Farmers Home Administration. When Hamrick read about that in a local paper, he sent in an application, got the very first loan guarantee granted under the new program: \$32,500 at 5% interest, repayable over 40 years. Last week Hamrick was working away in his ex-pastures, getting his second nine holes ready for playing—and paying.

CITIES

The Air-Conditioned Metropolis

From the mucky waters of Galveston Bay on the Gulf of Mexico, the Houston Ship Channel sluggishly winds 50 miles into southern Texas. From both banks, scrubby rangeland and salt marshes stretch to the horizon, relieved occasionally by a decrepit farmhouse or a forlorn oil rig. Then suddenly, around one of the canal's innumerable bends, a \$2 billion complex of oil refineries and chemical plants erupts on the landscape. Soon the inland-bound passenger spires in the distance what appears to be a skyscraper, then several skyscrapers, then a full metropolitan skyline. It might be a mirage—but no, it is Houston, a booming metropolis set in the middle of nowhere.

Endless Boom. Seventh biggest of U.S. cities by 1960 census figures, Houston claims to be the fastest-growing major

city in the nation. Last year Houston issued \$338 million worth of building permits, trailing only New York and Los Angeles. Over the past decade, office space in the city has almost doubled, to more than 12 million sq. ft. Nine new skyscrapers costing a total of \$90 million are currently being added to the Houston skyline, which already includes the tallest building west of the Mississippi River, the new 44-story downtown headquarters of Humble Oil & Refining Co. Under construction 22 miles southeast of the city is the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's \$123 million Manned Spacecraft Center, scheduled for completion next year.

At the turn of the century, Houston was an unpromising backlands town. Then, in 1915, after the ship channel was dredged, the Port of Houston was opened, and the city became a busy cotton and lumber center. It now ranks as the third largest port in the U.S. (behind New York and New Orleans). In the 1920s, oil discoveries near by set off an oil boom that has never ended. When the U.S. war machine needed rubber during World War II, Houston turned to the area's oil, salt and sulphur resources and built massive petrochemical plants to produce synthetics. Far from slowing down after the war, the city's growth boomed: in the decade of the 1930s, the population soared 57% to 638,000.

Hardship Post. Houston is located on an exceedingly uncomfortable site. Hot, dry air sweeping down from the Midwest collides with the humid turbulence that boils up from the Gulf, creating a climate that, according to a widely traveled visitor, closely resembles that of Calcutta. From May through October last year, the thermometer reached or topped 90° on 100 days. On the flat plain, water from heavy rainfall stagnates in puddles and drainage ditches, adding to the steamy humidity and providing an abundance of breeding places for a perennial plague of mosquitoes. For putting up with Houston's weather, the British consular service pays its personnel stationed there a special hardship allowance.

The city might not have grown any where nearly as fast if it hadn't been for air conditioning. More than half of Houston's private homes are air-conditioned. Downtown, air-conditioned underground concourses connect air-conditioned buildings. The city is now building a \$25 million sports stadium completely enclosed by a plastic dome and cooled by 6,000 tons of air-conditioning capacity. At least one dog kennel advertises air conditioning.

In keeping with its big-city status Houston has acquired the appurtenances of a modern U.S. metropolis from big-league baseball and big-league football (the Houston Oilers, 1960 and 1961 champs of the American Football League) to a Museum of Fine Arts headed by James Johnson Sweeney, and a symphony orchestra whose current conductor is Sir John Barbirolli. But the city has not lost its frontier character. "There is freedom of movement here that I have not seen



DOWNTOWN HOUSTON
But the chicken coops are still there.

anywhere else," says a recent arrival. Says a Houston oil executive, aglow with civic pride: "This is the last frontier."

Lightly Governed. In the frontier spirit, Houstonians are jealous of their personal liberties, suspicious of authority. It is characteristic of the city that although the buses carry conspicuous NO SMOKING signs, passengers puff away as they please—and so do bus drivers.

As a result of its citizens' almost anarchic individualism, Houston is probably the nation's most lightly governed big city. Property taxes are enviably mild and the city relies heavily on private initiative and philanthropy to provide public facilities. Houston's only sizable public park is a gift from a rich donor. Much of the money for the city's lavish new medical center came from private contributions. Rice University, one of the Southwest's best educational institutions, is a privately supported, tuition-free school with a \$70 million endowment.

When the city government lacked funds to buy the site for the new jet airport private citizens bought the land, held it until the authorities arranged financing then sold the tract to the city at cost.

Houston's individualism has its seamy side. Alone among major U.S. cities Houston has no zoning laws. When a proposal to establish zoning is put before the citizens, they whompingly vote it down. Chicken coops abound within the city limits. In older Houston neighborhoods, many predominantly residential streets are sprinkled with small business places set up in what used to be private houses. A homeowner can never be sure that somebody will not open a pool hall or an auto-body shop in the house next door. Lack of zoning has contributed to the decay of old neighborhoods, speeded

up the flight to the sprawling new suburbs.

Without zoning regulations, Houston is ineligible for federal urban renewal aid but Houstonians are confident they can get along without it. Says Ralph S. Ellifrit, director of city planning: "When our little shacks rot away, you can just push them all over with a bulldozer. There's not going to be anything to it."

The Smell of Money. That kind of nothing-to-it optimism is characteristic of Houston. It strikes newcomers even more vividly than the heat or the building boom. "I like the aura of optimism every body has here," says a new arrival. "Everybody thinks he can do the job that's put to him, and he goes about it in a happy manner." In other cities, citizens sniff foul air and worry about pollution; in Houston, they savor the pungent odor that wafts from the refineries and chemical plants and cheerfully call it "the smell of money."

With their undeniably optimism, Houstonians are proud of their city's growth convinced that it will keep on growing. Just since the 1960 census, Houstonians never tire of saying, Houston has passed Baltimore in population to become the sixth biggest city in the country. And in the next decade or so, predicts Mayor Lewis Cutrer, "Houston will be one of the four largest cities in America." To make room for growth, Houston has more than doubled its incorporated area over the past six years. With 350 sq. mi., it boasts of being second only to Los Angeles in area. And that is only a beginning: Houston has taken legal steps toward annexing all the remaining unincorporated land in Harris County—another 1,150 sq. mi. That move would make the city of Houston substantially bigger than the state of Rhode Island.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

War & Peace

For a country that regards itself as the most European and most civilized nation in Latin America, Argentina is curiously inept at governing itself.

Last week, for the fifth time in 13 months, crisis and revolution overhung the rich land of beef and wheat. Once more, it was over the issue that did in President Arturo Frondizi a year ago whether to restore limited political freedom to the Peronistas, the 3,000,000-man political organization left behind when Dictator Juan Perón was ousted in 1955. The violently anti-Peronista navy was at war with the somewhat less violently anti-Peronista army and air force, which rule the country but promise a return to democracy in elections this June 23. And

Some Peronistas were not even interested in showing themselves well-behaved democrats. Peronismo is not and never will be just another political party, railed a Peronista union leader at a rally last month. "We are not interested in government unless we have power. Attaining power is the *raison d'être* of our existence and can be carried out only by revolutionary methods."

The speech, on top of the growing troubles in the front negotiations, was enough for Argentina's navy. Headed by Rear Admiral Jorge Julio Palma, 46, commander of the Puerto Belgrano naval base a group of officers wanted an end to all talk about elections, argued for the ouster of Guido as President and the establishment of a "benevolent dictatorship" that would attempt to stabilize the economy and "normalize" the political situation.

to ignominy, destroy the infamous regime, throw out its vices and rebuild Argentina." But the citizenry wanted no such interpreting, and the forces of air and army quickly drove the marines from the capital. A flight of navy panther jets managed to lobber one tank column, killing 28 soldiers and wounding some 120. Then the air force retaliated by virtually destroying the naval air base at Punta Indio, 80 miles southeast of Buenos Aires.

Such skirmishes continued for 48 hours before the navy, seeing itself outgunned, retreated to its major base at Puerto Belgrano, 350 miles southwest of Buenos Aires, and started talking truce. In the end, Admiral Palma surrendered to army tank troops drawn up outside his base while an exodus of navymen headed across the River Plate for asylum in Uruguay.

At week's end General Onganía announced that elections would still be held June 23. But he also warned: "As we said in September, we will never permit a return to power of a Peronista regime."

GUATEMALA

The Pingpong Game Is Over

Guatemala City's workers and shopkeepers applauded politely, and the hundreds of straw-hat peasants trucked into the capital stood passively. The country's new military strongman was addressing them. On a balcony of the avocado green national palace, Army Colonel Enrique Peralta Azurdia, 34, explained what was in store for the country following his overthrow of President Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes. He began by proclaiming Decree Law No. 1: subject-labor reform. Peralta promised equal pay for both Indians and whites, an eight-hour day and a 48-hour week, paid vacations, maternity leave, the right of farm labor to organize unions, "encouragement" of low-cost housing. And finally, said Peralta, "We intend to eradicate Communism, totally from Guatemala."

High Time. That seemed to be the plank that interested Peralta the most. An austere, humorless man who goes to mass regularly, he has a record unblemished by any flirtation with the left, and his open affection for the U.S. was cemented during a 1940 tour of defense posts as the guest of then Chief of Staff George C. Marshall. That was a magnificent trip Peralta remembers. Selecting his Cabinet last week, he stuck strictly to anti-Communists but chose a majority of civilians. Peralta's Treasury Minister announced plans to cut down on the budget deficit, fire featherbedding federal workers and reform the tax system.

Guatemalans have heard similar pledges from military rulers before. But if they were still reserved about the new, nearly everyone agreed about the old: it was high time for Ydígoras to go. "We Guat-



PUNTA INDIJO NAVAL AIR FORCE BASE AFTER THE ATTACK
Through it all the people went on as usual.

through it all, Argentina's 20 million citizens, inured to chaos and bored with it, went about their business, window-shopping in thronged Calle Florida, horseback riding in Palermo Park, or sitting in coffeehouses, hoping not to get hit by the stray bullets zinging around.

Failure of the Front. For a time last winter, it seemed as if Argentina might find its way out of the Peronista dilemma short of another fight. In September, after a bloody skirmish, a constitutional-minded faction of the military, headed by General Juan Carlos Onganía, 48, a sensible professional soldier, took power and promised to hold elections in June—even let the Peronistas campaign. The puppet government of President José María Guido set out to form a "National Front" that would wed Frondizi's old Intransigent Radical Party (with 18% of the popular vote), the Peronistas (more than 40%), and the Christian Democrats (5%). But alas, as the promised elections drew ever closer, anti-Peronista jitters set in again. And not without reason.

Though his forces were small—25,000 navymen and 17,000 marines, compared with 87,000 men in the army and 22,000 in the air force—Admiral Palma enlisted the support of a clutch of retired army officers, hoping that they would encourage army and air force units to come over. He was also pledged help from 1,000 to 1,500 "civilian commandos" who devised a chilling plan to assassinate 15 top officers in the enemy camp.

By Air & by Land. From the start, their plot went haywire. One murder squad shot the army's assistant chief of staff, grazing his neck, then left him for dead. An infantry regiment commander escaped a burst of fire by hitting the dirt, got up to lead his troops against the rebels. The assassins failed to find the other 14. In Buenos Aires rebel marines moved into areas near the presidential palace and took over three radio stations to broadcast a communiqué: "The forces of air, land and sea, interpreting for the mass of the citizenry, rise today in conjunction with the people, to put an end



COLONEL PERALTA
He made it sound good.

temalans were living like spectators at a pingpong game," said the moderate daily *El Imparcial*, looking from side to side as the Ydígoras government switched position from day to day, capricious and unstable.

Devious Schemes. For five years, the country was never quite sure what the President would say or do next. His most consistent policy was his anti-Communism. Guatemala was the training base for the Bay of Pigs invaders, and Ydígoras was loudest among Latin America's anti-Castroites. Yet recently, Ydígoras seemed to be going about it in a devious and dangerous way that enraged his most loyal supporters.

Last year, exiled Juan José Arévalo, 58, the Yankee hater (*The Shark and the Sardines*), who made friends with the Communists during his 1945-51 term as President, announced that he was returning to run for President again. Ydígoras let it be known that he would hale Arévalo into court if he set foot in Guatemala. Then he had a better idea: Why not let Arévalo return and beat him at an election? Ydígoras could do this by his control of the election machinery. Ydígoras' own candidate was Roberto Alejos, a planter who lent some of his lands as training sites for the Bay of Pigs invaders. Guatemala's military men recommended against taking chances. Ydígoras went ahead anyway, and Arévalo sneaked into Guatemala. In fact, there were reports that Alejos arranged Arévalo's flight from Mexico in a private plane, and that Alejos landed at a remote airstrip on one of Alejos' plantations.

Whether the reports were true or not, the military indignantly took over—a plan known to President Kennedy weeks before. The brass arrested Ydígoras and Alejos, sent them into exile. Though Washington is in no hurry to recognize

the Peralta regime, it will probably do so eventually. In return for promises of democratic intent, the U.S. similarly recognized the *de facto* military governments that overthrew constitutional rule in Peru and Argentina last year. Last week President Kennedy told his press conferences that Guatemalan recognition would depend on "what assurances we get as to when a democratic government will be formed or when elections will be held."

CUBA

Anti-Anti-Castro Policy

Anti-Castro Cuban raiders nowadays buy their 20-mm. cannons through the mail from Finland, make their dog tags on bus station souvenir coin machines. The raiders have largely deserted the Florida coast, and operate mainly from the Bahamas, escaping detection in the maze of 700 islands. Now and then one of their boats makes a dash for Cuba to drop off guns and supplies, shoot up a shore, maybe even fire at a Russian ship.

The U.S. not only withdraws help from the raiders, but actively discourages them. Washington thinks that the raids do Castro no real harm, and in fact, encourage the Russians to keep their troops in Cuba. Last week, acting on information provided by the U.S., British authorities in the Bahamas seized a 35-ft. raid boat named *Violyn III*. The crew of 17 had been bound on a mission to land arms on the coast of Cuba; then they intended to seek out a Russian tanker and attack it with 20-mm. incendiary and explosive shells.

The raiders were held four days in a Nassau jail on charges of illegal possession of firearms. The British released them and returned their guns, but kept the ammunition. The owner of the *Violyn III*, Alexander Rorke Jr., later declared that the boat had been on eleven missions to Cuba since October. And on eight of them said Rorke, the crew included U.S. college boys. Among the institutions represented at various times: Princeton, Harvard, Boston College, Miami and Indiana.

VENEZUELA

Philanthropy Is Not Enough

His wealth is prodigious. He controls 15 companies—ranging from a cement combine to a paper and pulp plant—whose annual sales exceed \$100 million and his personal fortune is estimated to be at least \$200 million. But Venezuela's courtly Eugenio Mendoza, 56, is more than his country's leading industrialist; he is also its leading philanthropist. Says he: "We business men always talk about the need to make dividends for our shareholders, but we must also create a dividend for the community."

As early as 1934, Mendoza granted bonuses and set up profit sharing for his workers; today, his 5,000 employees receive nearly half as much in profit sharing as they do in salaries. He supports agricultural research, sponsors book publish-

ing, scholarships, Caracas youth centers and an exhibition gallery for artists. Another dividend to Venezuela has been the Children's Orthopedic Hospital, which he built in 1945. His eldest son's tragic death by drowning in 1952 has impelled him to do even more for children. He founded a children's nursery in Maracaibo in his son's memory. His current enthusiasm is low-cost private housing. Helped by a \$2,000,000 loan from the U.S., Mendoza has built 500 houses, has 2,000 more under construction, and plans to start 3,000 more this year.

Mendoza bought a small building-materials company in 1930, soon after the oil boom burst over the country. As the new riches sparked a spurt of building Mendoza's company grew to dominate the construction-products market. An enlightened businessman, Mendoza realized that what was good for Venezuela was also good for him. In a brief stint as Minister of Development during World War II, he helped enact the laws that formed the basis for the precedent-shattering 50-50 formula that guaranteed Venezuela at least half the profits of the oil companies doing business in the country.

Inevitably, Mendoza has been drawn into the maelstrom of Venezuelan politics. Last December he helped found the Venezuelan Association of Independent (A.V.I.), a group of blue-chip businessmen and professionals, which intends to fight alongside the usual political organizations on behalf of sound fiscal policies and stepped-up development. The Association took planks of fiscal orthodoxy—a balanced budget, a free-as-possible economy, safeguards for private capital—and nailed them together into a platform designed to ease the basic plight of Venezuela: that "more than half of the population does not manage to satisfy the minimum needs of a human being."



INDUSTRIALIST MENDOZA
He knows how to give.

THE WORLD

RUSSIA

A Fine Italian Hand

The paucity of facts in Moscow lends a certain credibility to every rumor about the Kremlin, especially when it concerns the supposed ups and downs of Nikita Khrushchev.* Thus it was last week that a whisper from Moscow via Rome became a blast of hot air felt around the world.

It all began with a Moscow dispatch by Giuseppe Bolla, correspondent for Italy's Communist newspaper *L'Unità*, which soberly described Soviet troubles in domestic and foreign affairs and at one point permitted itself the flat assertion that "Moscow is living through a delicate and interesting political moment." Rome's volatile press erupted with screaming headlines predicting Nikita's imminent downfall. Big papers in New York, London and Paris gave way to similar speculation.

Though Khrushchev was surely under pressure, he did not act like a fellow on the skids. He sent a note to his poison pen pal Mao Tse-tung, politely declining Mao's invitation to talk over the Sino-Soviet split in Peking (*TIME*, March 22). Instead he invited Mao or a group of colleagues to Moscow. Suggested time for the confrontation of quarreling Communists: in the spring or summer. "which are good seasons of the year in our country."

Even the ups and downs of Soviet space technology were shrouded in uncertainty last week. Moscow launched a fourth moon probe, but with typical reticence did not reveal its mission. The probe of Lunik IV (1/2 ton) led some Western scientists to believe it was designed to carry out a soft landing on the moon. But after 40 days in flight, Lunik IV missed the moon by 200 miles. Was Lunik IV a flop? Tass reported only that experiments "had been carried out" and then early added it would have nothing more to report about the flight.

That Strange Time

*I am not retreating on a damned step.
It is good to be angry at untruth.*

So, in the full flush of destalinization, wrote Evgeny Evtushenko, 29, the Russian poet whose honest rage at the cant and callousness of Soviet society has made him the idol of his generation. For a while, in fact, it seemed as if Evtushenko (*TIME* cover, April 13, 1962) had become a semiofficial Angry Young Marxist whose occasional excesses were tolerated by the regime because they made it appear as if Khrushchev's Communism could actually accept criticism. If so, Evtushenko pushed his luck too far.

Vain Apologies. During a swing through France and West Germany early this year the dashing young poet was lionized at parties (including a masquerade ball during Munich's annual Carnival) by pleasure-loving bourgeois intellectuals. He even held a series of freewheeling press conferences. Heaping scorn on the party fossils whose hackwork wins the Stalin Prize each year, Evtushenko actually blamed Stalin's reign of terror on the dictator's "elose associates"—of whom he did not say so. Nikita Khrushchev is the dean emeritus. The poet's most audacious gesture of independence was to give the editors of France's *L'Express* his autobiography for publication knowing well that no Soviet writer is permitted to publish abroad without first getting clearance from the censors.

Cued by Khrushchev himself, who recently rapped Evtushenko for "cheap sensationalism," a three-day meeting of the Union of Soviet Writers last month addressed itself almost exclusively to destroying the cult of Evtushenko. In all close to 40 tame authors trooped monotonously forward to denounce Evtushenko

and other liberal young writers for offenses ranging from bad rhymes to "sacrilegious statements" about the Revolution. Though Evtushenko made abject apologies for his "irrevocable mistake," the drumfire of criticism only grew louder and more insistent.

Mutter in Minsk. Last week the Soviet press fumed that Evtushenko and other young writers should not be allowed to travel abroad until they "mature politically." When a West German girl was detained at the Soviet border on charges of smuggling caviar, Izvestia brought Evtushenko into it by charging that she had met Evtushenko in Germany and from him had learned all about "fashionable Moscow youth." In Minsk, where Dmitry Shostakovich's new *12th Symphony* was performed for the first time outside Moscow, a critic castigated the composer for basing part of his score on Evtushenko's famed poem, *Babi Yar*, a savage indictment of Soviet anti-Semitism that the literary communists have already made Evtushenko revise.

Though Khrushchev was plainly out to make Evtushenko the scapegoat, the campaign against the poet was only part of a new, systematic attempt to clamp strict party controls on the theater, music, art book publishing, industrial design, and every other field in which young Communists might be tempted to voice independent thoughts. It was once more that "strange time," as Evtushenko wrote in 1960, "when common integrity could be called courage."

Ah, Poor Anany

The Kremlin likes to paint life on a Soviet collective farm as spiritually rich and financially rewarding. The *kolkhoz* manager is always a cross between Paul Bunyan and Luther Burbank, and his sterling example inspires glorious acts of self-sacrifice from the lowliest peasant. Though foreigners laugh off the myth as nonsense, millions of Russians are asked to swallow it. Hence the shocked incredulity of Russians who picked up the Leningrad literary monthly, *Neva*. There, in a short story by Fyodor Abramov, was a startling indictment of the apathy, discontent and frustrating failure of collective farm life that still exists after more than four decades of Soviet rule.

Seventeen years after the war we are still fighting on the farm for every pound of bread exclaims Anany Egorovich Mysovsky chairman of the fictional New Life *kolkhoz* and Abramov's tale, entitled *Round and About*. In these excerpts Abramov follows Mysovsky on a day-long inspection tour of a typical collective. It is the middle of the harvest season—but one of the farm's tractor drivers shows up drunk and the other is stuck in a ditch; villagers are lolling about in the community bath houses instead of working the fields; for five months they have not received a single kopek of advance



POET EVTUSHENKO AT CARNIVAL TIME IN MUNICH.
"When common integrity could be called courage."



OFFICIAL VIEW OF SOVIET COLLECTIVE FARM
Where the crops are apathy, discontent and frustrating failure.

wages because there has been no money to distribute.

Alone in the Fields. *Mysovsky looks around at the fields, sees that in the section where peas should be harvested, only seven milkmaids are working. He muses:*

"Seven young girls, just out of school, and they are the ones who really are holding the whole *kolkhoz* together. Each kopek is milked by their hands, and getting more milkmaids is one of his biggest headaches. The old women can't build a modern *kolkhoz*; that's why he had to argue for weeks to break down the resistance of schoolgirls. And then, if the girl was ready to sign up, her mother would hit the roof. 'What? My daughter muck around in the manure?' Is that why my husband and I sweated our guts out and educated her?"

"So there he was alone in the fields with his sorrow. Where are all the people? Behind their own houses (working their private plots). He had better get tough. It was the middle of August and there was no time to lose. He'd start to comb the upper part of the village, enter each house, and demand to know from each *kolkhoznik* why he is not working down at the silo. The farm workers' rejoinders, he knew, would be the same as always: 'Let the hay rot, let the peas go to ruin.'"

Some Old Talk. *The chairman spots three women, who should have been working, returning from the forest, loaded down with mushrooms they have picked for themselves.*

"Stop," cried Anany Egorovich. The women disappeared around the corner. He ran up and blocked their way. "You working?" The women were silent. "So this is what you call work?" he repeated. "Well, we aren't the only ones," a woman retorted. "If there were more kopeks in the *kolkhoz*, we would not have to go to the forest for mushrooms." "But where are we going to get these kopeks?" asked Mysovsky. "You think they fall from the sky."

"The women mocked him. 'We've been

hearing that talk for 15 years,' retorted one. 'I've been in the fields all summer and what did I get for it? My children will be going to school soon, and they have no shoes or clothes. We go to pick mushrooms because we can sell them at the store and bring in a kopek or two at home.' Added another woman sarcastically. 'We don't have to eat at all, I suppose. This is my second year without a cow and it's been pretty bad.'

Anany Egorovich bit his lower lip. He did not know what to do. Eight years ago he would have taken these women by the scruff of their necks and thrown them into the fields. But now . . .

A Wife with a Job. *Mysovsky visits a father and son who do not work regularly for the *kolkhoz*, yet occupy a good house. How do they do it?*

"What are the means?" Anany Egorovich asked himself. The *kolkhoz* wages? Certainly not, sadly enough. Who could build themselves a house? Those who have earnings on the side. There is a custom in the village: if you work in a *kolkhoz*, look for a wife if you has a regular job in town."

Everyone would rather work for himself and earn more than work for the collective, he laments. "It's the same old story. A real vicious circle. In order to be paid well, people should work full steam—since the *kolkhoz* has no other resources but their work. But people will not work for the *kolkhoz* because they are not well paid. How can I break the circle? Party officials tell me, 'You're not a good leader. Your agitation-educational work is slack.' But how do you propagandize today's *kolkhoznik*? Without the ruble the agitation doesn't reach him . . . That's the whole question."

Why Bother? *Continuing his tour, Mysovsky stops off at the new home of a released inmate of a slave labor camp. The fellow has a doctor's certificate that he is too ill to work, lives lavishly by selling produce from his private plot.*

"Everything at Petunya's place was

geared to market needs. Instead of a small onion bed he had a real onion plantation, much better than the ones on the *kolkhoz*. Then there were cucumbers, potatoes . . . every inch was used." Naturally Petunya refuses to help bring in the harvest. "If I had a cow I might, but otherwise, why bother?" The chairman understands . . . Every year thousands of acres of hay are lost because *kolkhozniki* get only 10% of the hay they harvest. In order to feed his own cow he would have to harvest enough for eight or nine—and that's impossible. Each year it gets harder and harder to find workers for the *kolkhoz* silo."

Meeting His Fate. *At the end of his rounds Mysovsky is dog-tired and depressed, stops off at the recreation hall for a drink, and promptly gets plastered. While drunk he promises the workers 30% of the harvest instead of the regulation 10%, and lo and behold, with that incentive, they are out in the fields early next day. Next morning, Mysovsky wakes up with a hangover, rubs his eyes at the sight of workers' kerchiefs bobbing like daisies in the fields. Then he remembers . . .*

"Thirty percent? How could he have said anything of the sort? His head might fall for that. He could imagine the cries of the party bosses: 'You have unleashed property-possessing ideas. You let yourself be led by backward elements.' Just the same, thought the chairman, the workers were out in the fields just because of the promise of 30%, without shouting, demands or discussion."

Mysovsky hastily walked toward the home of the local party boss to explain things before they put him on trial. The closer he got to the house, the more frightened he became. On the way, an assistant stopped him, asked whether he wanted to send additional workers to outlying fields—naturally for the same 30%. "Mysovsky nervously licked his lips, then agreed. Now that I am 55, I should be courageous, he said to himself. He straightened himself up, and went inside to meet his fate."

GREAT BRITAIN

Weekend in Washington

From the solicitous reception he got from the New Frontier, the little cold-eyed man who stepped off the airliner in Washington might have been Britain's Prime Minister rather than the Opposition leader. Even in his own Labor Party six months ago, pipe-puffing Harold Wilson was regarded as a slippery opportunist and a constant threat to the party's hard-won unity under the late Hugh Gaitskell. Though his views on most major issues

long tried in vain to persuade Britain to build up its chronically inadequate ground forces on the Continent. Wilson argued that Britain could well afford a strong army if, as he proposes, it were to eliminate its nuclear strike force—"the so-called independent, so-called British, so-called deterrent."

Thus, if elected, Wilson would "denegeate" Britain's agreement at Nassau to build a Polaris submarine fleet, and hope thereby to discourage other nations from building independent deterrents. He is strongly opposed to giving Germany a



DEAN RUSK & HAROLD WILSON
Together and apart until the next shift.

were calculatedly murky. "Little Harold," as his foes call him, drew left-wing support by condemning U.S. handling of Cuba, cheering on the unilateralists, bitterly opposing Britain's bid for Common Market membership.

However, it was not Wilson's past that brought out Washington's red carpet but his potential future. Even though elections will probably not be called for at least a year, no U.S. policymaker could ignore today's Gallup polls, which give the Labor Party a record 50% to 33% lead over the Tories. If that trend should continue, Harold Wilson would be Britain's next Prime Minister.

What Administration officials got last week was ample demonstration of the fact that since Gaitskell's death, the dainty, quick-witted Yorkshireman has had to move closer to the political center to hold the party together and take hard and fast stands on which Britain's electorate can weigh the merits of a Labor government. Wilson was plainly anxious to win the New Frontier's confidence. After an intensive, four-day round of conferences with President Kennedy and key administrative hands, the Labor leader's views on most outstanding world issues seemed now at least as close to U.S. policy as Harold Macmillan's.

"Denegeation." Wilson's most reassuring message was that he unequivocally supports NATO as "the center of our defense policy in Europe." To the delight of the Defense Department, which has

finger on the trigger, which "would be highly provocative to the Soviet Union and make it even harder to get agreements," particularly on the matter of disarmament. Belying reports that he was "soft" on West Berlin, Wilson insisted that it must remain a free and viable city, and that allied troops would have to be stationed there "for the foreseeable future."

Reservations. There were some issues on which Wilson's views were directly at odds with those of the Administration: U.S. officials were inclined to shrug them off as lip service to Labor's left wing. Most important divergence is his support for withdrawal of NATO and Soviet troops from Central Europe, making "nuclear-free" zones of East and West Germany and Hungary—a proposal that the U.S. considers impractical and dangerous. Wilson seemed as wobbly as ever on some questions, notably the Common Market which he now conditionally favors. He supports greater East-West trade, which is not an Administration goal, and favors seating Communist China in the U.N., which is directly contrary to U.S. policy, but he told U.S. officials that these are not high-priority aims.

These views gave reason for continued reservations about Harold Wilson. Moreover, though his incisive, pragmatic style undeniably impressed Washington, older heads have still to be persuaded that Wilson's convictions will not shift again—as they have so many times before.

With an Eye on Tomorrow

With a general election probably coming next year, most Britons expected Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling to produce a bonanza budget designed to spur the lagging economy and win back the voters who have drifted away from the Tories in recent months. But hard-headed Maudling, 46, was determined not to risk a burst of inflation that might bring back the old familiar balance-of-payments problem and weaken the value of the pound sterling abroad. Between stagnation and never having it so good he chose a middle road.

It was indeed Britain's first deficit budget since 1947, but instead of glittering across-the-board tax cuts that Britons had expected, Maudling trimmed income taxes by a moderate \$700 million, targeted his cut to benefit the lowest income families—an aim that could only draw praise from the opposition. To help offset the cost, he announced his intention of taxing the vast, largely untapped fortunes (\$2.3 billion in 1962) that Britons lavish on gambling each year.

To expand the economy, Maudling aimed for a minimum annual growth rate of 4%, conceding labor's right to demand a 4.5% wage boost if this is achieved. Though he disappointed many industrialists by not introducing European-style incentives for exporters, Maudling installed a set of ingenious tax concessions designed to modernize productive equipment and lure new industry into the areas of heavy unemployment. Added to sizable previous concessions to industry that he had already granted since taking over as Chancellor last July, Maudling hoped that his new budget incentives would put the economy in fighting trim by next April—which is about the time when Britain is likely to go to the polls to choose its next government.



CHANCELLOR MAUDLING & SONS
Hard in the middle of the road.

FRANCE

A Certain Malady

"Because they cling to obsolete slugs," thundered Gaullist Minister François Mitterrand last week, "the unions will suffer the same fate as the political parties and be demolished." But things did not work out quite that way. In France's northern coal fields 138,000 miners wore smiles of victory as they tramped back to the pits after their bitter 35-day strike. Defying a government antistrike decree that could have resulted in fines, firings and jail terms, the miners had won an immediate 6.5% pay boost that will rise to 12.5% by next April.

The humiliating defeat for President Charles de Gaulle added no luster to his popular prestige, which, according to the latest report of the French Institute of Public Opinion, has suffered heavily since the strike began. Citing an "evident correlation" between De Gaulle's sagging curve and the strike, the poll-taking organization said that only 42% of the public was currently "satisfied with his handling of the presidency, compared with 55% in March and 64% in January.

But more important to De Gaulle than popularity was his fear of the strike's adverse effects on the economy. The wage gains by miners have already touched off similar demands by other workers in nationalized industry; when private employees start bargaining for a fresh round of salary hikes, the result could be—as Premier Georges Pompidou has put it—"a certain malady which is called inflation." *Le grand Charles* still hoped to quarantine the malady before it spread. From the Elysée Palace came word that "at the end of the present period of social agitation," he will make a nationwide radio-television address "on internal subjects of an economic order."

WEST GERMANY

The Price of Silence

Until last week Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democrats had won a majority among the rural, conservative voters of Rhineland-Palatinate in every election since the West German Republic was founded in 1949. But the latest vote for the state legislature gave the C.D.U. only 46 of 100 seats, and 44.4% of the popular vote, a loss of 4% since the 1959 election. The Socialists, by contrast, moved up from 37 seats to 43 in the conservative stronghold, taking 40.7% of the vote, a gain of nearly 6%. Cried Socialist Spokesman Fritz Bartsig: "The ice is finally broken."

The C.D.U. would continue to govern Rhineland-Palatinate in coalition with the Free Democrats, but it was clear that its loss there was the most damaging that the party had suffered in five state elections in the past 16 months. Taking stock, C.D.U. officials were now certain that the fault lay with *der Alte's* obstinate fight to hang onto his post, blocking the succession of Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard.

Despite Adenauer's towering contempt

for him, "Uncle Ludwig" is by far the most popular politician in the country: a recent public-opinion poll showed that he is regarded by 25% of the voters as the best man to succeed Adenauer, whereas Socialist Leader Willy Brandt is favored by only 12%. But with federal elections only two years away, 35% of those polled now look on the Socialists as the "most sympathetic party," while only 30% so regard the C.D.U. A three-man C.D.U. committee chosen to name the next Chancellor appears convinced that only Erhard can reverse the tide. But Adenauer holds out against a quick decision. For the Socialists, who hope to whittle C.D.U. margins even more dramatically in four other state elections before mid-1964, *der Alte's* continued silence can be golden.

COMMON MARKET

Back to Work

When Charles de Gaulle shocked Europe with his highhanded exclusion of Britain from the Common Market last January, many European officials speculated that the general's action might permanently disrupt the Common Market's progress. Indeed, for two months, meeting after meeting at Brussels ended in recrimination and deadlock. But finally last week the rest of the Six swallowed their resentment at France and got back to business as before.

Two and a half years ahead of schedule the Common Market nations voted another 10% slash in each nation's customs duties on industrial imports from other members of the community, and agreed to cut by 20% the average tariff on a wide range of industrial goods imported from outside the Common Market. The latest reduction was intended as a good-will gesture on the eve of tariff-cutting negotiations with the U.S. in Geneva next month. However, what the U.S. is primarily anxious to secure at Geneva is its European market for agricultural exports will not be up for negotiation, since the Common Market nations last week were unable to agree on their own price levels.

MOROCCO

First of the Newtime Spenders

With regal aplomb, Morocco's King Hassan II left for home last week after spending eleven days and \$80,000 in the U.S. Explained one of the King's press agents: "It was a conscientious effort to return much of the American aid money in U.S. dollars and through the free enterprise system."

Beneficent Hurricane. The biggest single benefactor was Manhattan. Hassan's buying spree began on Sunday, when New York's Saks Fifth Avenue opened privately to allow the royal party to purchase \$15,000 worth of dresses, sports jackets, luggage, lingerie and baby clothes. On successive days Hassan returned again and again, and a dazed Saks official said, "He's bought in almost every category. You could say he's done practically the whole

store." Then the King and couriers swept through other midtown stores like a benevolent hurricane, cleaning the shelves of cameras, hi-fis, records and color TV sets.

He dropped in on an upper Broadway auto agency and decided on five Cadillacs in as many minutes. A note-taking aide asked, "Five Cadillacs. Your Majesty?" Replied Hassan, "Um . . . yes, five." His biggest field day was at the Fieldcrest textile showroom, where he bought so fast and furiously that salesmen had to send out for more order pads. While inspecting samples, King Hassan's face would light up or turn somber as he pronounced his verdicts of "Très distingué!" or "Passé." The King was said to "adore prints" and bought a total of 5,000 items, ranging from king-sized bath towels, "in every



SHOPPER HASSAN
Great on bed sheets and bath towels.

color combination imaginable," to beach togs, robes and blankets.

Sagging Trucks. Between orgies of shopping, the King relaxed at El Morocco Voisin, Sardi's, and the Barnum & Bailey circus at Madison Square Garden. Fearful of a bad press, Moroccan officials hurriedly advised newsmen that the five Cadillacs were for a governmental car pool back home, and the piles of cloth would be used to outfit a new government-supervised Hilton hotel in Rabat.

But all good things must end. The King's private party of 25 set out for Idlewild Airport in a modest fleet of black limousines, followed by 45 Moroccan second-stringers in buses, followed in turn by three U.S. Army trucks sagging under personal luggage, crates, boxes and parcels. Hassan then boarded a special U.S. Air Force Boeing 707 for the flight home. Standing by to carry the rest of the party, and most of the purchases, were a chartered Pan Am Clipper and a Royal Moroccan Constellation.

EUROPE

An Anthology of Pros

Priests and kings, commissioners and parliaments have all tried to put the world's oldest profession out of business. None succeeded. Some sociologists, however, have gamely predicted that any nation that could eliminate unemployment would also eliminate prostitution. Girls only sold their bodies, the argument went, because there was no market for their other skills.

The Mobile Squad. But as prosperous, labor-short Western Europe last week prepared for the summer flood of tourists, it was glaringly apparent that the sociologists had, as usual, guessed wrong. Instead of vanishing, or even declining in numbers, prostitutes swarmed in every European capital, from Copenhagen to Rome and from Budapest to London. The

hookers but as sweet little schoolgirls.

In Paris, the police have succeeded in driving most brothels underground, but an estimated 20,000 prostitutes are still available to tourists and domestic males. The most expensive (around \$20) work the Champs-Elysées, and in a declining order of price and pulchritude come the girls of the Madeleine, the Gare Montparnasse, Place Pigalle and Les Halles. Britain's Street Offenses Act, passed in 1959, has ended the processions of undulating whores that used to fill up Piccadilly Circus, Bayswater Road and Hyde Park. Borrowing a trick from their sisters in Amsterdam, many London prostitutes now sit at the upper windows of scruffy Soho flats for which they pay as much as \$150 per week.

Upstairs Bar. Even the Communist bloc has its problems with prostitution, while indignantly denying that it exists.



PROSTITUTES IN ROME'S CARACALLA PARK

When spring (or summer or winter or fall) comes, the girls are close behind.

European economic miracle did in fact take some prostitutes off the streets—but only to put them in cars. The “klaxon girls” of Milan cruise Cathedral Square in Lancias and Dauphines, discreetly tooting horns and flashing their headlights to attract men's attention. The latest fashion in Copenhagen has been created by “vampires,” who cruise the streets in small trucks equipped with beds.

In Rome, the first green leaves last week peeped along the Lungotevere, and flowers sprouted behind sidewalk tables on the Via Veneto. Spring had come, and the ladies could not be far behind. As early as 9 a.m., tight-skirted hustlers prowl the square before Rome's modernistic railway station; by noon, they are ensconced on the benches of the Pincio Garden, casting provocative glances over the tops of sunglasses at passers-by; by dinnertime, they begin congregating near Rome's biggest supermarket alongside Olympic Village and beside the vast ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. At 9 o'clock on the corner of Via Sistina near the Piazza di Spagna, the prettiest prostitutes appear, dressed not as professional

In Hungary, Budapest's few whores are often booked up nights in advance by visiting Austrian and West German businessmen. “Elisabeth of the Duna,” a witty little Magyar who adorns the upstairs bar of the Hotel Duna, is so famous that guards on the Austrian border ask travelers, “Have you anything to declare? Did you see Elisabeth?”

Though flourishing as never before in Western Europe, the world's oldest profession is also continuing to take its accustomed toll. In Italy, the number of reported cases of venereal disease jumped from 1,679 in 1958 to 16,395 last year. In France, during five years of prosperity venereal disease skyrocketed by 38%. The pros put the blame on the semipros—the growing number of young women who work days as secretaries or salesclerks (at wages ranging from \$120 to \$150 per month) and take to the streets at night and remain largely unknown even to the police. At week's end in Paris, women were flocking to movie theaters to watch absorbingly a new documentary film on prostitution and, perhaps, pick up a few pointers.

LAOS

After the Party

Returning home early from a party at the King's residence in Vientiane, Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena, 47, and his wife drew up before their newly renovated villa. On guard was a protective screen of soldiers from the neutralist army of Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma. As Quinim mounted the steps, one of the soldiers stepped forward and fired a blast from his submachine gun that killed Quinim and seriously wounded his wife.

When word of the murder reached the King's residence on the banks of the Mekong, it failed to dampen the merrymaking. The band played on, the ministers and their ladies continued to sip champagne. Shrugged one guest: “No one had more coming to him and from more quarters than did Quinim Pholsena.” Hard-working, dedicated and devious, Quinim lacked the customary Laotian charm and grew up consumed by bitterness and envy. Unlike most other Laotian politicians, he did not belong to a rich or princely family. He made a lot of money as a merchant and investor, but in politics he was always a man of the left though officially a member of Souvanna Phouma's neutralist party, his line was usually indistinguishable from that of the Communist Pathet Lao. Quinim was widely blamed for splitting the neutralist ranks and for fostering the resentments and dissensions that led to the February assassination of a neutralist colonel in the Plaine des Jarres.

In his signed confession, Quinim's assassin, a lance corporal named Chy Kong, charged Quinim with trying to overthrow the government and bribing neutralist officers to defect to the Pathet Lao forces encamped in the Plaine des Jarres, where at week's end fighting broke out that caused 20 casualties. Asked if he agreed that Quinim had been pro-Communist Premier Souvanna Phouma replied smugly: “He is dead. Peace to his soul.”

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Wife Is Only a Wife But Every Red Is a Foe

The ugly war in South Viet Nam seems to be dragging on forever, and Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, thinks he knows the reason why. Said the Georgia Democrat: “We are trying to fight this problem as if it were a tournament of roses. I think it is time for the dirty-tricks department to take over there. We are dealing with a bunch of scoundrels and it seems to me we ought to catch them as if we were trying to run down Jesse James—\$10,000 dead or alive.”

Actually, the Viet Cong should come cheaper, according to Russell, who proposed a system of rewards for peasants who reported Communist hideouts. Said he: “We might promise them a couple of water buffalo, or a new wife, or some money, or three or four acres of rice land—almost anything would be cheaper than what we are doing.”

FORGING A PROSPEROUS NATION



ENDLESS rows of rubber trees stretch for miles over a lush rubber plantation in western Malaya. In the early morning hours, women tappers extract the thick fluid that is the life-blood of a new British Commonwealth nation that some time this summer will come into being. It is the Federation of Malaysia, composed of independent Malaya, self-governing Singapore, and British protectorates of Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo.

Malaysia is the dream of Malaya's Prime Minister Abdul Rahman, 60, the man on this week's cover. He is a Cambridge-educated lawyer who led his nation to independence in 1957;

during its successful, twelve-year struggle against Communist guerrilla insurgents. The largest producer of raw rubber in the world, the new country will be the most prosperous and bustling nation in Southeast Asia, encompassing 126,000 square miles and 10 million people of eleven ethnic groups ranging from aboriginal tribesmen to millionaire sultans. Menacing its future are the expansionist aims of neighboring Indonesia and the threat of Peking-directed Communist subversion. But with its successful creation, Malaysia—pictured and discussed in the color pages and cover story that follow—could become the strongest anti-Communist bulwark in Southeast Asia.

FEDERATION



POPULATION

10,000,000

Malays 43%

Chinese 38%

Indians, etc. 9%

Europeans 4%



DUSUN GIRLS wear rattan bras to market in North Borneo.

KADAZAN MISS wears festive garb at Catholic mission school.



CHINESE WOMAN in a Singapore temple lights joss sticks as an offering.



MALAYAN POLICEMEN have kept order in Brunei.

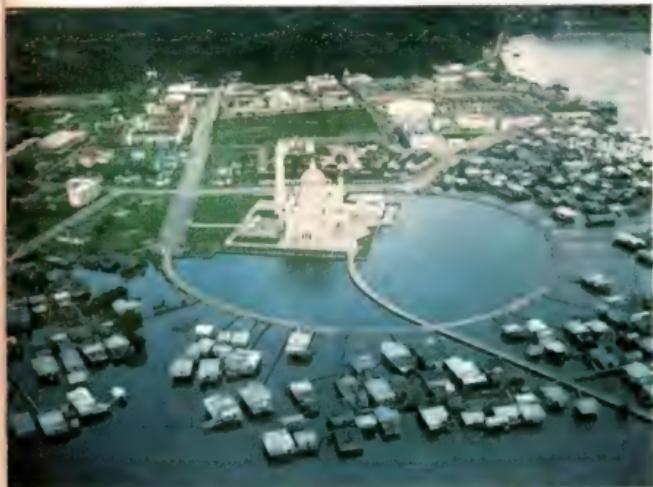


MALAYSIA will cut a 1,600-mile arc through the South China Sea, from the southern border of Thailand through the Malayan Peninsula and Singapore to the north coast of Borneo. Politically and economically, Malaya is the keystone of the federation. With its population of 7,000,000, Malaya will dominate the new nation's government, slated to sit in the Malayan capital of Kuala Lumpur. The melting-pot quality of the new federation is a reflection of Malaya's own

conglomeration of Malays, Chinese, Tamils, pygmy Negritos, and other aboriginal tribesmen in the dank, tangled tropical rain forests of the interior.

Off the southern tip of Malaya is the island state of Singapore, teeming with 1,700,000 people. One of the largest ports in the world, Singapore has the highest annual per capita income in Southeast Asia—\$450. Singapore's Chinese population, with strong ties to Red China, presents the new nation with the pressing

A UNION OF MANY CAPITALS



BRUNEI is dominated by gold-domed mosque built by reigning sultan in 1948 with oil revenues. Surrounding mosque is

traditional stilt city, sighted by 16th century explorers. At upper right are new housing and government buildings.



KUALA LUMPUR, capital of Malaya and probable seat of government of new federation, is rapidly changing to a modern city with many new office buildings, most of which are Chinese owned.





SINGAPORE through which meanders malodorous Singapore river, is rich port whose burgeoning population is 75% Chinese.

JESSELTON, administrative center of North Borneo was entirely rebuilt after World War II bombings. Waterfront stilt

houses will soon be replaced by new housing. Humming rubber and timber port angles Chinese, Malaysians and native Dusuns.



RICH CROPS & GREAT RESOURCES



RICE, being harvested in Kedah, 'rice bowl' of Malaya and home of Abdul Rahman, is Malaya's

main food crop. But despite good yields, area has to import much of the rice it uses—35% in 1961.



TIN has been mined for centuries in fields of Malaya, which still produce 40% of free world's supply. European and U.S. firms account for half of production, while smaller mines are owned by Chinese.



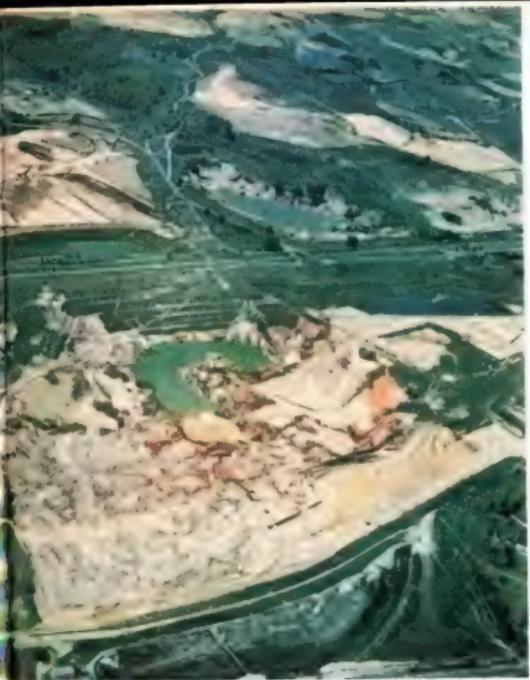
NOODLES drying at roadside factory are made of rice flour. Mixed with fish oil and hot peppers, they are second in popularity only to rice.



OIL from fields in tiny Brunei has brought geyser of wealth to British protectorate. But even with modern rigs, oil production is now falling off, has dropped 37% since record high in 1950.



RUBBER workers trek liquid latex to plantation smokehouse. Rubber is No. 1 cash crop, and Malaya accounts for one-third world's supply.

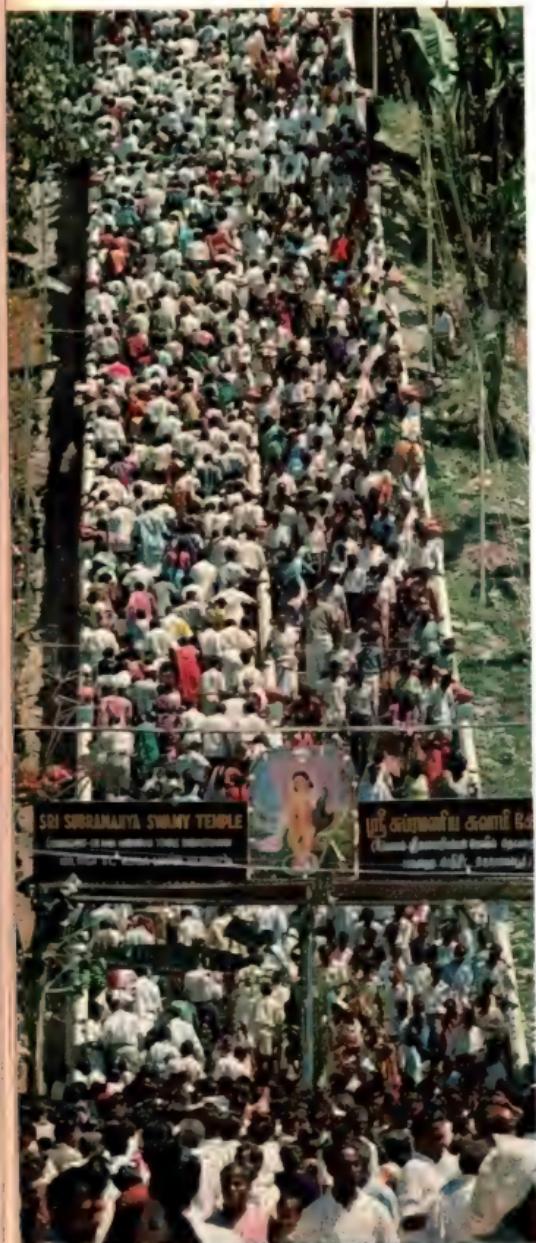


PINEAPPLE, here being canned in the modern new factory of Lee Co., Ltd., in Johore, has become \$10.8 million export, is shipped round world from Malaya.



PEPPER vines in garden near Kuching in Sarawak cluster around Chinese family's primitive farmhouse. Exported from Borneo to Europe as far back as Middle Ages, pepper still

accounts for \$8.3 million in foreign trade. Ripe berries on vine are orange-red. Black pepper comes from dried berries; premium white pepper from berries whose skins are soaked off.



DIVERGENT PEOPLE, CONTRASTING CREEDS



LONGHOUSE DWELLERS in this home of 17 Iban families live in typical communal style. Sarawak's primitive people have forsaken ritual head-hunting; now prefer peacefully to hunt, farm and weave.

HINDU PENITENTS by thousands surge up and down 370 steps leading to sacred Batu caves near Kuala Lumpur during Thaipusam festival. Indians, brought in as workers at the turn of century, are now 10% of Malaya's population.

MALAYSIA

The Man Who

[See Cover]

Manila hummed with excitement as delegates gathered for the third annual meeting of the Association of Southeast Asia. Phalanxes of motorcycle police escorted shiny official limousines to meetings at the pale, domed conference hall in the heart of the city. Inside the paneled auditorium and at diplomatic cocktail parties, an endless stream of dignitaries strolled up to greet the man who was the focus of everyone's attention, Malaya's stocky, smiling Prime Minister Abdul Rahman, 60, the golf-playing playboy who this summer will bring into being a new Asian nation.

To one and all, Abdul Rahman happily took credit for the formation of the Malaysian Federation. As he puts it, "I am the father of Malaysia." Strictly speaking, this is not true; the idea has long been the dream of Asian nationalists enchanted by its economic and political prospects. For years, Britain too had advocated the plan as a neat way to tie up all its remaining Asian colonies (with the exception of Hong Kong) into one tidy independent package. But the Tunku (it means Prince) was the indispensable catalyst without whom Malaysia could not have been achieved. He wooed, bullied and cajoled the four other countries into the federation agreement, was the only logical choice to serve as the new nation's first Prime Minister.

Happy, Not Mighty. Unlike most other new Asian leaders, Abdul Rahman is no rabid nationalist. He has remained on close, friendly terms with the British, has no interest in pie-in-the-sky economic schemes. His political aims are simple: "Food instead of bullets, clothing instead of uniforms, houses instead of barracks." His new nation has a combat army of only seven battalions and an air force so small that the pilots often have trouble finding a fourth for bridge. "My ambition is not mighty Malaysia," says Abdul Rahman. "but happy Malaysia."

But many pressing problems threaten the Tunku's ambition. Malaysia's current prosperity is endangered by its dependence on a one-crop economy. Synthetic have already captured half the world's annual 5,000,000-ton rubber market and forced down the price of latex. On top of this, Brunei's oil reserves are fast depleting. To counter the economic threat, Malaya has embarked on an ambitious diversification program, is offering a five-year tax holiday to new industries and pushing a big land-development program for new cash crops.

Politically, Malaya has already experienced some acute pains. Fearful that a stable new nation will curb Communist subversion in Southeast Asia, Russia has branded the federation "a cunning invention of London" set up with the "unqualified support of U.S. imperialists." Both neighboring Indonesia and the Philippines have launched a campaign of invective against the whole idea.

Walls of Prejudice. By far Malaysia's most complex and festering problem is the simmering racial hostility between the new nation's Chinese and Malay populations. Throughout the federation, the Chinese dominate business, industry and trade, have economically far outstripped the rural, easygoing Malays. Chinese tycoons control North Borneo's booming young timber industry and Sarawak's vast, rolling pepper gardens; in Malaya, Abdul Rahman's government has complained that the rich, inbred Chinese business community has erected a "wall of prejudice" against ambitious young Malay businessmen.

The Malays have built some walls of their own. By Malayan law, only one-quarter of the government jobs can go



PRIME MINISTER ABDUL RAHMAN

I have the touch.

to non-Malays, while Malays get special concessions in the granting of scholarships and licenses for new businesses. Rigid citizenship requirements have been set up for the Chinese (Malays are automatically citizens), and the Borneo territories plan immigration restrictions to keep Chinese businessmen out. "Special privileges are like a golf handicap," rationalizes Malaya's Chinese Finance Minister Tan Siew Sin. "They are not to hold the Chinese down, but to help the Malays along."

Golf Every Morning. It is ironically fitting that the complicated problems of federation are the province of a man who, on the face of it, is so uncomplicated himself. "I am a lazy man," admits Abdul Rahman cheerfully, and six years as Malaya's Prime Minister have not altered his fun-loving ways. The Tunku plays golf every morning (handicap: 24), checks the racing calendar before making advance political engagements, always takes a nap in the afternoon. An avid soccer

fan and sports-car buff, he is chronically late for appointments, explains: "Being punctual always wears me out."

The Tunku has the charisma of the really successful politician. His title draws enormous respect from the masses, and at the same time his genuine charm and easygoing manner quickly win their confidence. Though he is a devout Moslem, Abdul Rahman enjoys brandy and soda; he is also an excellent curry cook. With his third wife, Sharifah Rodziah, and their four adopted children (two of whom are Chinese),¹⁹ the Tunku leads a life of cheerful disorder in Kuala Lumpur's open, airy Prime Minister's residence, allows the 70 children of his servants the run of the house; visiting diplomats are often surprised during a conference to see a servant's child wander into the sitting room and climb up onto the Tunku's lap.

The Tunku has solved the problem of paper work simply: he does not read it. He has always had an aversion to the printed page, as a student picked up the knack of absorbing pertinent passages from books or papers that were read aloud to him. But though he has no intellectual pretensions, the Tunku commands unwavering loyalty from his brilliant subordinates for his almost charmed ability to avoid political mistakes. Says an aide: "He understands the Malay mind better than anyone else ever has." Abdul Rahman agrees. "I have the feel of the people," he says. "I have the touch."

The Playboy Prince. Abdul Rahman was the seventh son of his father's sixth wife and, with his 44 brothers and sisters, lived the plush life befitting the offspring of the Sultan of Kedah. His Siamese mother demanded that he be carried to school on the shoulders of a retainer, and though he was an indifferent student, his royal birth won him a scholarship to Cambridge, where he began to read law. But the Tunku skipped most of his lectures, seldom missed a tea or dinner dance, distinguished himself mainly by picking up 28 traffic violations in his silver Riley with red fenders.

Not unexpectedly, the playboy prince flunked his bar exams. So far down the line of succession that he had no chance of ever attaining his father's sultanate, the Tunku returned to Malaya as a minor civil servant in a number of remote outposts. On foot and on elephant, he traveled through the bush getting to know the land and the people, once even worked as a manual laborer to help build a new mosque, which the grateful Malays named Rahmiah after him.

World War II and Japan's swift conquest of the Malayan peninsula hastened Abdul Rahman's maturity. As a useful district officer, the Tunku was kept on the job by the Japanese. Secretly, how-

¹⁹ The Tunku's first wife, who died of malaria in 1935, was the mother of his two children. Daughter Kathijah, 29, wife of a Malayan studying in Britain, and Son Norazie, 27, now a major in the Malayan army. His second wife was a white Englishwoman, Violet Coulson, whom he married over the protests of his family; they were divorced in 1940.



ABDUL RAHMAN'S WIFE
A life of cheerful disorder.

ever, he helped hide escapees from Japanese death camps, kept in contact with British guerrilla units, which were supplying arms to anti-Japanese Communist irregulars in the jungles.

"Who the Hell Is He?" Abdul Rahman was also in contact with the Malayan independence movement that began to take root when the Japanese ousted the British. With the end of the war, at the age of 42, the Tunku returned to England to get his law degree, began to play a larger part in the cause of *merdeka* (freedom). He insisted that it was the duty of every Malay in Britain to join the nationalistic Malay Society. Because of his age and long experience in the civil service, younger Malay students looked to him as their leader, called him—because of his darker skin—"Black Uncle." In fiery political bull sessions with youthful follower Tun Abdul Razak, the seeds of a future political partnership were being sown; today Razak is the most trusted member of his Cabinet.

Back home, the middle-aging lawyer joined the United Malay Nationalist Organization, slowly began building up a political following in his native Kedah. In other Malay states, the Tunku's firebrand followers from the London days began pushing him for the party leadership; finally, in 1951, Abdul Rahman took over as boss of the U.M.N.O. "Nobody had ever heard of him," an official recalls. "I remember people asking 'Who the hell is he?'"

They soon found out. Convinced that he could only achieve national leadership at the head of a multiracial united front, Abdul Rahman muted hotly anti-Chinese sentiment in his own Malay party, stumped the country urging Chinese and Indian leaders to unite behind him under the banner of a new organization called the Alliance Party. To finance his crusade, he sold his expensive cars and most

of his other property. "I worked like mad, living and sleeping on trains," says the Tunku. "I was often home only one day a month." But Abdul Rahman's zeal paid off. In the 1955 general election, the Alliance swept 51 of the 52 seats in the federal legislature, and the Tunku took over as Chief Minister under the British High Commissioner.

Merdeka. Abdul Rahman was so busy politicking that he had taken little military interest in the brutal, bloody guerrilla war that 350,000 British and Malayan troops and home guardsmen were waging against Communist insurgents in Malaya's tangled jungles. But after his 1955 election landslide, the Tunku grew afraid that the British might use the emergency to delay independence, arranged to meet the Communist rebel chieftains in northern Malaya to see if some sort of settlement could be worked out. "My ideas about Communism were determined by that meeting," says the Tunku. "I became convinced that once a Communist, always a Communist. They could never coexist with us in an independent Malaya."

As the war in the jungle began taking a turn for the better, Abdul Rahman bluntly told Britain that the time was long overdue for Malaya's independence. After months of haggling and delay, the Tunku finally forced Britain's Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd (now Lord Boyd) to the conference table. Throughout the grueling, three-week session in London, the Tunku refused to budge from his ultimatum that independence must come no later than Aug. 31, 1957. "When the Siamese have no intention of yielding, they just appear stupid," he told subordinates. "I'm half Siamese, you know." At last, Lennox-Boyd got the point and caved in. On the Tunku's target date, independent Malaya came into being.

"Good Old Tunku." The Tunku had no revolutionary blueprint for his new nation, brought into his Cabinet his old London crony, Abdul Razak, to hammer out a program for orderly progress. While Abdul Rahman ground down hard on Red subversives, Minister of Rural Development Razak (in the post he will retain in Malaysia's new government) started a program of new roads, schools and clinics to boost the standard of living in the primitive kampongs (villages) of the interior, where the Communists were trying to gain a foothold. In the air-conditioned "operations room" of his ministry, gadget-loving Razak carefully watched the progress of his bulldozers on dozens of charts, movie screens and map displays, kept his program constantly ahead of schedule with his cold insistence on results—or else.

Abdul Rahman made no effort to squeeze the British out of the country, was convinced that Britain's continued economic and military presence was the best possible insurance for Malayan stability. Today a British officer commands the Malayan army, five senior British civil servants hold key positions in Malayan government ministries, and British businessmen control more than half

of the rubber industry, repatriate \$86 million in profits annually. "It's wonderful how this place has flowered since independence," says one businessman. "We're really much better off. Good old Tunku."

Parleys on the Green. With his young nation booming, Abdul Rahman looked with increasing fear at the predicament of neighboring Singapore, just three-quarters of a mile across the Johore Strait. There Communism was spreading like an infection among the underfed, underemployed masses in Singapore's squalid, teeming tenement quarters. By strikes, riots and boycotts, the Peking-oriented Communist-front Barisan Socialis Party tried to topple the tottering government glued together by Singapore's shifty, brilliant, Cambridge-educated Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, 39.

Never too choosy about where he got political support, "Harry" Lee first tried cooperation with the Communists, later adopted a "leftist, not extremist, non-Communist, not anti-Communist" policy. It did not work; to save his political neck, he was forced to go for help to an old golfing partner—Abdul Rahman.

Lee's vacation house bordered a fairway of Kuala Lumpur's rambling Selangor Golf Club, where the Tunku shot his daily round. From tee to green, Lee tried to convince Abdul Rahman that Singapore's rickety coalition could never survive another election, and that a Red Singapore could only spell trouble for Malaya. Gradually, the Tunku came to the frightening conclusion that Singapore might well become "a Chinese Cuba."

One solution to the "Singapore problem" was obvious: a merger, so that Malaya's powerful internal security police could move in and help Singapore authorities hold Red subversion in check. But the Tunku shuddered at the prospect of upsetting his nation's Malay racial pre-ponderance by the addition of Singapore's 1,300,000 Chinese. "In order to balance the population," he says, "I thought of the Borneo territories."

Wining & Dining. Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo, however, were less than enthusiastic about the federation



BRUNEI NATIONALIST AZAHARI
A grunt from a pig?

scheme. Borneo leaders resented being invited to join merely as a political and racial accommodation. desired instead some sort of independence of their own. Then Britain began putting quiet pressure on the three territorial governments, tried to persuade them that union in Malaysia offered them far more economic and political power than they could ever achieve by themselves.

But it was Abdul Rahman who sold the scheme. The Tunku wined and dined a continuous stream of Borneo delegations in Kuala Lumpur, warmed up Borneo leaders cool to the federation with promises of favored political positions in the new nation. He shrewdly offered the Borneo territories 70 seats in the federal parliament, against only 15 for far more populous Singapore and 104 for Malaya. He promised tax concessions and a \$12 million dollop of Malayan aid annually to the territories, agreed to keep federal hands off Brunei's oil reserves. It was the Tunku's fondest hope that the new nation come into being on Aug. 31, 1963, the sixth anniversary of Malaya's independence.

Then last December came a blow that threatened to destroy the Tunku's timetable. It was the uprising in Brunei.

"Just Too Much." Discontent with the Sultan of Brunei's corrupt, inefficient and autocratic regime had long been festering in the tiny, Delaware-sized territory. Last year the Sultan's government spent only \$50,000 on drugs and medicine for its people, while laying out \$47,000 for electrical illumination on the Sultan's birthday; action on requests to the government usually took from six months to three years. The dominant but powerless People's Party was also dead-set against Malaya; the party's erratic, goaded, onetime veterinarian leader, Sheik A. M. Azahari, 34, wanted instead to align Brunei, Sarawak and North Borneo into a single independent state—with himself as its leader.

When it finally erupted, the revolt was poorly organized and badly led. Four battalions of Britain's tough little Gurkha troops landed on Brunei, inside of a week



ABDUL RAHMAN IN MANILA WITH THE MACAPAGALS
A date for August 31.

sent the shattered remnants of the 3,000-man rebel army scuttling back into hiding in Brunei's steaming jungles.

But the Brunei revolt at last gave the Philippines and Indonesia, for different reasons, an excuse to display their opposition to the scheme. Oblivious to Malaya's success against Red infiltration, the Philippines feared that leftists would ultimately take over the new nation, thus putting a Communist neighbor right on their doorstep. Dusting off an old claim to North Borneo, the Philippines maintained that in 1878 the Sultan of Sulu had only "leased," not sold, the territory to the British. London stiffly rejected the Filipino claim to the region.

Indonesia shouted that the turmoil showed the deep dissatisfaction with Malaya in the Borneo territories, and that the federation was only a plot to extend Britain's colonial influence in Asia. Rabbble-rousing President Sukarno knew that a British-backed, economically viable Malaya would not only derail his ambition to extend his influence over the Borneo territories, but might also serve as an inducement to rebellion for the people of depressed Indonesian Borneo. Moreover, Abdul Rahman has ignored every "revolutionary principle" for which Sukarno stands, has in the process created a conservative, prosperous nation, while revolutionary, leftist Indonesia, with its 100 million people, has slid to the edge of economic ruin. Says a diplomat: "To have a little country like this extending its influence in Southeast Asia was just too much for Sukarno."

Sound Ground. In a drumfire of propaganda outbursts, Indonesia hailed the "Brunei freedom fighters," lashed out at "British mercenaries and puppets," granted political asylum to Brunei Leader Azahari, raved that Abdul Rahman was "round the bend." (Retorted the Tunku: "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?") Djakarta mobs hanged the Tun-

ku in effigy, and Sukarno declared a "policy of confrontation" against Malaya. Indonesian jets buzzed Malayan ships in the South China Sea, and army leaders darkly threatened "incidents of physical conflict" along the border of Brunei and Indonesia.

Sukarno did not dare to invade; he plainly hoped to induce the United Nations to step in and placate him as it did with West New Guinea—thus sparing him the necessity of fighting for what he wants. However, the U.N. seems unwilling to play Sukarno's game; a U.N. observer team told him that Malaya is "on sound legal ground."

Promise to "Brothers." Last week in Manila, the acrid dispute between Indonesia, the Philippines, and Malaya added an undertone of tension to the otherwise calm meeting of the Association of Southeast Asia. Not on the official agenda, the Malaya question came up repeatedly in long private discussions between Abdul Rahman and Philippines President Diodato Macapagal. The Tunku was anxious for the whole matter to be settled quietly. In an attempt to be reasonable and friendly with his "Malay brothers," he agreed to look into the Filipino claim to North Borneo, lukewarmly endorsed a proposal for an Asian summit meeting between himself, Macapagal, and Indonesia's Sukarno. But the Tunku vetoed the suggestion that he postpone the creation of Malaya until some settlement could be reached: the federation, he said, would come into being by Aug. 31 as planned.

From the standpoint of language, religion, culture or geography, Malaya is not a natural nation. But Abdul Rahman has faced problems similar to Malaya's in his own Malaya—and there a decent society has flourished. He does not promise the moon to his new nation, only a sane, humane, workable government. Under his leadership, Malaya can be, as John F. Kennedy has said, "the best hope of security in that vital part of the world."



SINGAPORE'S LEE KWAN YEW
A Chinese Cuba?

PEOPLE

The Congressman from Ohio went over to the Supreme Court, had his credentials presented, got sworn in, signed the register, paid his \$25, and went back to work on Capitol Hill. For freshman Representative **Robert A. Taft Jr.**, 46, admission to practice before the highest U.S. tribunal placed him squarely in a family tradition that goes back before the Civil War. Preceding him to the Supreme Court bar were his father, the late Senator **Robert A. Taft**; grandfather, President **William Howard Taft**; and great-grandfather **Alphonso Taft**, Attorney General under President **Grant**.

Living in Italy since 1958, when the U.S. found him mentally unfit to face treason charges (after twelve years in a federal hospital), expatriate poet **Ezra Pound**, 77, who spent World War II broadcasting for Mussolini, told the weekly *Epoch*: "I was always wrong. I lived all my life thinking I knew something; then a day came when I realized I didn't know a thing. My intentions were good, but I was stupid. Now I simply contemplate."

Appointed to the board of trustees of the philanthropic Rockefeller Foundation (assets exceeding \$500 million): **Thomas J. Watson Jr.**, 49, board chairman and chief executive officer of IBM; **Robert F. Goheen**, 43, president of Princeton University since 1957.

"Never had such an understanding boss," said the chauffeur as he flicked a dustcloth over the Rolls-Royce convertible. And small wonder, for the "boss" is **Andrei Parumbeau**, 38, a chauffeur himself until he got a divorce and shifted

into high life by marrying Runaway Heiress **Gamble Benedict**, 22, whose grandmother tried to detour the romance. But now Granny is dead, the happy couple snugly ensconced in a 6-room villa in Erlenbach, Switzerland where Gambi's inheritance makes life tolerable and the photographers drop by once in a while to snap them with their two handsome sons, Gheorghe, 2, and Gregory, three months.

Picked by the Kennedy Administration to receive the Atomic Energy Commission's \$50,000 Fermi Award, given last year to Physicist Edward Teller, was **J. Robert Oppenheimer**, 58, director of



CLARA & KILDARE
Diagnosing the condition.

debut at the Beverly Hilton, and she brought along her favorite medie to cure first-night jitters. All she really needed, though, was a show-stopping duet—so he bounded onstage, joined in belting *Darn It, Baby, That's Love*, and chalked up another perfect diagnosis.

Stepping down from chairmanship of the National Coal Policy Conference, **John L. Lewis**, 83, president emeritus of United Mine Workers of America, attended a Washington luncheon in his honor and, after a round of praising speeches, declared himself "overwhelmed by these accusations of good character." He then went on to express "astonishment" at the patience of "nearly 6,000,000 U.S. unemployed," prophesied a "violent explosion when they reach the limit of their endurance." Finally, accepting a gift portrait of himself, the glowering old labor leader glanced at the painting and said that he would hate to meet such a man "on a dark night in a close place."

Come June, America's first Negro astronaut candidate, Air Force Captain **Edward J. Dwight Jr.**, 29, will enter the Aerospace Research Pilot School at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif. Married with two children, Captain Dwight, a jet pilot, *cum laude* graduate of Arizona State University and former Golden Gloves champion, hopes to become a full-fledged spaceman. His ultimate goal? A lunar landing. "I'd like that tremendously."

Her usual fee is \$12,000 but magnanimous **Anna Magnani**, 55, will perform for nothing in *Cain and Abel*, a film to be directed by long-engaged husband **Giovanni Alessandrini**, 58. Married to Anna in 1936 and separated from her since 1943, Alessandrini left Italy after a string of movie failures, bounced around Egypt and Argentina for ten years. Attempting a comeback at home now, he has only sweet words for Magnani: "I thought I hadn't a friend left. Instead I got a helping hand where I least expected it—from my wife."



PHYSICIST OPPENHEIMER
Avoiding the oos?

the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. The announcement and a long biography detailed Oppenheimer's contributions to the development of nuclear energy, but did not mention the 1954 hearings, after which the AEC's five commissioners voted 4-1 to declare the physicist a security risk because of "fundamental defects in his character . . . close association with Communists . . . falsehoods, evasions and misrepresentations." After all the years of this stain on his record, many of his scientist associates have been urging the Government to acknowledge Oppenheimer's earlier impressive contributions, and the Fermi Award was its answer. Said Oppenheimer: "Most of us look to the good opinion of our colleagues and to the good will and the conscience of our Government. I am no exception."

TV Star **Richard Chamberlain**, 27, gladly took second billing to pert songstress **Clara Ray**, 24. They have been an off-screen item for nearly two years, and she sometimes helps in his weekly gig as Dr. Kildare. Now it was Clara's nightchit-



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Easing Out Mindszenty

Few men alive have suffered more for their God and their convictions than Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, 71, Archbishop of Esztergom and Roman Catholic Primate of Hungary. During World War II he was jailed by the Nazis for protesting against the roundup of Hungary's Jews. After the war he fought the Communist takeover of his country, and in 1949 was



MINDSZENTY IN LEGATION
Too long right?

tried and sentenced to life imprisonment on trumped-up charges of treason, espionage and black marketing. The Western world bled for the gaunt, tortured prelate, mechanically confessing his guilt for nonexistent crimes before an unfeeling judge. Briefly freed by the 1956 Hungarian uprising, Mindszenty fled to the U.S. legation in Budapest, and there he has stayed as a stubborn symbol of Christianity's compatibility with Communism.

Mindszenty has willingly, even eagerly accepted the sacrifices demanded of him by his faith. Now he is being asked to make one more: to give up his exile at the request of the Pope.

Active Neutrality. Getting Mindszenty out of Hungary is the next major tactic in Pope John XXIII's strategy of making Roman Catholicism "actively neutral" in the cold war. John believes that his goal of world peace is compromised by such symbols of intransigence as Mindszenty—and the Hungarians have pointedly hinted to the Vatican that they want Mindszenty out. Accordingly, Franziskus

Cardinal König of Vienna, a skilled, diplomatic archbishop whom the Pope has used on other delicate missions, is arranging to visit Budapest, possibly within a month. He will gently inform Mindszenty that the Pope wants him to leave, and, if Mindszenty agrees, may escort him to the Austrian border and freedom.

The Hungarian Communists would like Mindszenty to ask for amnesty—a face-losing gesture that neither the cardinal nor the Vatican is inclined to make. Church officials would like the Hungarians to offer Mindszenty a pardon and restore him briefly to his primatial see—but the Hungarians have evidently refused. Thus the Vatican will probably settle for having Mindszenty slip out and stay out, the formula used with Ukrainian Archbishop Josyf Slipyi when he was released last February from Soviet custody.

Three Black Sedans. The pawn of these delicate negotiations leads a spare and lonely life inside the drafty old building at Szabadság Ter 12 in Budapest. Legation officials admit few visitors, and the guest list for the Mass that he celebrates on Sundays is forwarded to Washington for clearance. By all accounts, the cardinal remains chipper, although one U.S. visitor who heard him preach recently says that his mind tends to wander. At night, only he and an American duty officer occupy the legation. Outside, three black sedans of the Hungarian secret police are on around-the-clock alert; one always has its motor running, in case the cardinal should try to escape.

Mindszenty is unquestionably a brave man, and his stand against Communism has been a gallant one; yet the cardinal now appears to be a tragic, even pathetic figure, bypassed by history. In Communist eyes, he has long ceased to be a threatening martyr. Most of the other Hungarian bishops have decided to live with the regime of János Kádár; Budapest's man in the street tempts sympathy for the cardinal's plight with recollections of Mindszenty's monarchist sympathies. And if he is an inspiring figure to millions of Catholics around the world, Mindszenty is nonetheless an obstacle to Pope John's intention of easing the lot of Catholics behind the Iron Curtain. The church could do so many more things in Hungary if he were not there.

There are four sees now which do not have bishops. If the cardinal were out, I think we could fill those vacancies.

Answering Yes. Mindszenty's release will probably come as still another shock to conservative Italian Catholics, who are disturbed about the effect of the Pope's recent talk with Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, on the Italian elections this month. U.S. Catholics have already been assured by Augustin Cardinal Bea, TIME April 12, chief of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, that the motive behind the new Vatican policy is religious, not political.

To Pope John, the church in the changing political arena of 1963 must do what Christ asked of his Apostles: "Love your enemies." "They say I am too far left," John told a gathering of villagers at San Basilio near Rome last week. "But I have to be a father to all. They say I am too much of an optimist who sees only the good. But I cannot be any different than



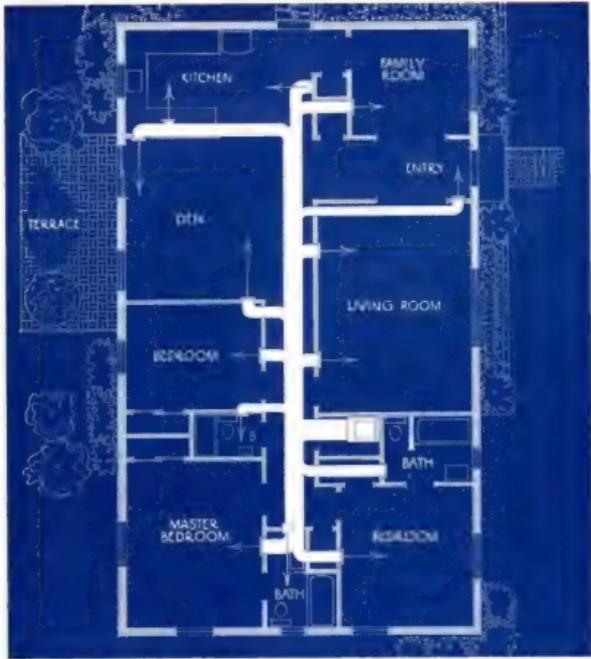
JOHN XXIII IN SAN BASILIO
Too far left?

our Lord who did not do anything more than spread good, who instead of saying no, always insisted on yes." Cardinal Mindszenty's last role in the Catholic Church is apparently to sacrifice his proud right to answer no.

THEOLOGY Religionless Christianity

God is in heaven, exact location not defined. His son came to earth in human flesh, preached and worked miracles, by his death redeemed man, and rose again to heaven, where he is "sitteth on the right hand of God." So say the Bible and the Christian creeds; but since the story makes no sense to many literal, science-minded men, the Right Rev. John A. T. Robinson, 43, Anglican Bishop of Woolwich accomodatingly explains in a new book that the doctrine is mostly dubious. Published last month in a inexpensive paperback gaily titled *Honest to God*, Bishop Robinson's revision of Anglican teaching has become a runaway English bestseller and has stirred up the Church of England's loudest row in years.

Borrowed Blend. *Honest to God* is a blend of ideas borrowed from some of the century's most provocative Protestant theologians. Like German Biblical Critic Rudolf Bultmann, Robinson regards the virgin birth and the heaven-above-hell-below framework of Scripture as religious myths; he argues that the essential Gospel message must be "demythologized" by



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liberating it from antiquated supernatural language. Rejecting the Biblical image of a transcendent God in the sky, Robinson suggests that Christians think of God the way Existentialist Theologian Paul Tillich does—as the "ground of all being."

Fortified by such insights, Robinson believes the church may grow into what the late German Lutheran Dietrich Bonhoeffer called "religionless Christianity"—a spare and stripped-down vital faith.

None of this thinking is particularly new to the theological academies but many Anglicans were shocked that it should come from a bishop sworn to defend the church against heresy. "It is not every day," grumbled the *Church Times*, "that a bishop goes on public record as apparently denying almost every Christian doctrine of the church in which he holds



BISHOP ROBINSON
And which way shall?

office." The *Manchester Guardian* called it a "dangerous tract," suitable only for theologians to read and in a front-page editorial, London's *Daily Mail* wondered whether he should continue as a bishop.

"Vigor & Recklessness." But *Honest to God* was approved by the evangelical Church of England Newspaper, which argued that "a reading of Robinson's book should be accompanied by a recollection of the conspicuous failure of the Church of England as a whole to make Christianity meaningful to this generation" and deplored the "preoccupied weary effort to keep the old machinery going." The Rev. Peter Hollis of Birmingham gave Robinson some rank-and-file support: "I have often wondered how long we could continue to present the Gospel in traditional categories with any real effect."

The Archbishop of Canterbury admitted that Robinson was right in trying to find a new image of God that would appeal to those outside Christianity, but noted: "When the ordinary Christian speaks of God as being up there, he does not literally mean that God is in a place beyond the bright blue sky. He is putting



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in poetic language, which is the only serviceable language we have got, that God is supreme. It is utterly wrong and misleading to denounce imagery of God held by Christian men and women . . . and to say that we cannot have any new thought until it is all swept away."

WORSHIP

Gospel According to Claudia

Violins shimmer, kettledrums boom, and out of the phonograph throbs the prim soprano voice of TV Actress Marjorie (*The Danny Thomas Show*) Lord. She's playing Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilate, a down-and-out Roman citizen who in better days was—yes, that's the one—the procurator of Judea. It's some time in the 1st century. Claudia is dictating a letter to her friend Fulvia: "I am the wife of the man who condemned Christ Jesus to death. If even here children shrink away from us, let me believe that somewhere, some woman will understand—even as she, the mother of Jesus, would have understood."

Biblical soap opera it may be, but *Claudia's Letter* is boffo in the California city of Pomona. This week, so the city fathers have decreed, the record will blare each noontime from loudspeakers along Pomona's new nine-block downtown mall. At least 15 Pomona churches plan to use it during Holy Week and Easter services, and some clergymen are treating it like a new Gospel. "It has a tremendous wallop and it just wrings you out," says Dr. Edward Cole of the First Baptist Church. "The first time I heard it I had to get up from my chair twice and look the other way while I fought back tears. It really hugged me."

Translated from a Latin manuscript into thee-and-thou English by Writer Catherine Van Dyke, the *Letter* tells how Claudia's son Pilate had his withered foot cured by Jesus. Overcome, Claudia tries to convert her husband to faith in Christ, but Pilate is an intellectual, and a nut about philosophy, and won't bite. From her vantage point near Herod's Palace, Claudia describes Christ's passion in gory detail—"Jesus, bound to a pillar, and standing in a red pool of his own blood." After the Crucifixion, Pilate loses favor with Rome, and ends his life a sick pauper, trembling on the verge of—is it faith? "Ye who pray," Claudia cries, at the thrilling climax, "pray now for Pontius."

Kelley Norwood, president of the company that recorded the letter, stoutly claims that "there is no question about its authenticity." The Bible does not mention Claudia by name, although Matthew notes that Pilate's wife, after having had a bad dream, warned him against condemning Jesus; some writings of the early Christian era do refer to Pilate's wife as Claudia Procula, and claim her as a convert.

Miss Lord stands to make some royalties from the *Letter*, but "money is not my main interest. For one thing, I really love the letter. For another, I need some recognition outside *The Danny Thomas Show* for my career's sake."

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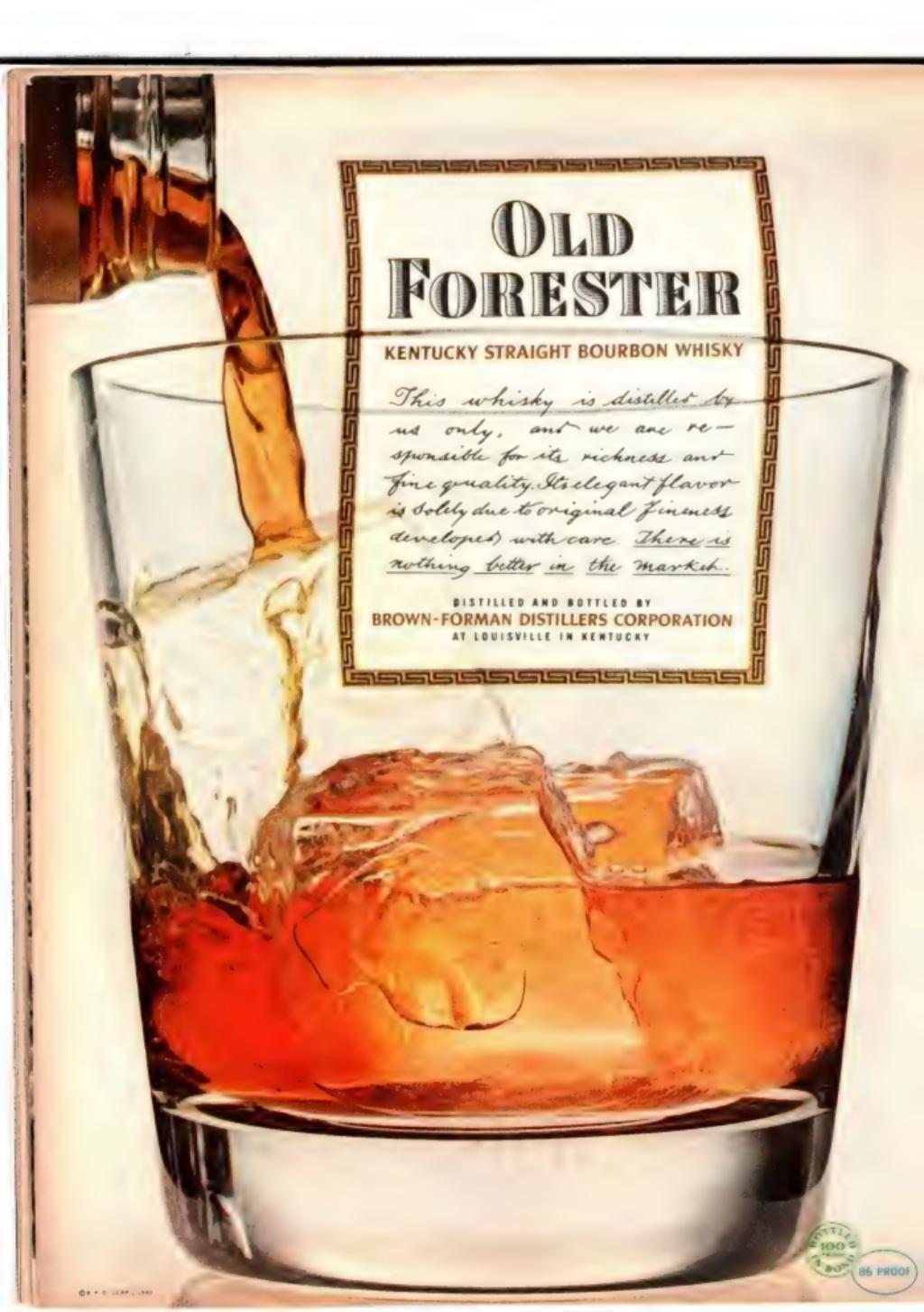


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SPORT

SKIING

Pointing for Innsbruck

The best skiers in the world have always come from the European Alps—where the first thing a boy learns is that he can parlay a little skill and rosy good looks into a career teaching rich American divorcees to snowplow. The angriest skiers in the world come, at the moment, from the U.S., which has an old score to settle in 24 years of trying. U.S. skiers have won just three gold medals in the Winter Olympics. Worse yet, all three were won by women—the last by Andrea Mead Lawrence in 1932—and no U.S. male has ever finished higher than fourth in an Olympic Alpine race.

Now there are signs of change. On the powder-covered slopes of Idaho's Sun Valley and Alaska's Mount Alyeska, U.S. skiers fought for places on the Olympic team that will travel to Innsbruck, Austria, in 1964. For the first time in years an air of real optimism hung over the Olympic trials. Seven times last year, U.S. skiers beat Europe's best. And this year, their performance at Sun Valley and Mount Alyeska was so good that U.S. Olympic Coach Bob Beattie could predict: "We've got a half-dozen skiers who can win at Innsbruck." Beattie's best

WALLACE ("BUD") WERNER, 27, of Steamboat Springs, Colo., swooshed boldly through Sun Valley's downhill course in 2 min. 20.5 sec. to beat (by .9 sec.) Switzerland's Jos Minsch, winner of Innsbruck's pre-Olympic race. Next day Werner won again in the twisting slalom. At Mount Alyeska, he beat Minsch in the downhill—only to lose by a bare .3 sec. to another American. Plagued with bad luck, Werner took an inglorious spill in the 1956 Olympics, had to sit out the 1960 games with a broken leg. He intends to make up for it in 1964.



WERNER AT WORK
To prove that the U.S. has men

WILLIAM MAROLT, 19, of Aspen, Colo., was the surprising youngster who beat both Werner and Minsch in Alaska by streaking over Mount Alyeska's 8,440-ft. downhill course at a speed of 44.7 m.p.h. Son of a bartender Bill is a University of Colorado sophomore and the best new downhill prospect in the U.S.

CHUCK FERRIES, 23, of Houghton, Mich., was the talk of Europe last year. He scored successive slalom victories at Austria's Kitzbühel and Italy's Cortina handily beating Europe's top skiers. Though not at his best at Sun Valley and Mount Alyeska (two fourths in the downhill), Ferries is a daredevil racer who has developed control to match his speed. "At the very least, you have to have confidence," he says.

JEAN SAUBERT, 20, of Lakeview, Ore., is a wondrously versatile skier who ranks among the world's best at all three Alpine events. The brown-haired Oregon State coed swept to victory in both the downhill and the slalom at Sun Valley, beating Germany's Barbi Henneberger, one of Europe's best. Then, at Mount Alyeska, she won the giant slalom.

SOCCER

"Pay-lay!"

Most Americans have never heard of him. But in Moscow, Pelé is a popular hero. When he walks the streets of Stockholm, troops of children dog his heels, touching his black arms in awe. In Madrid, his name ranks with Ordóñez and Dominguez, and the next time he is in London, he will be presented to the Queen. He gets 200 letters a week from all over the world, many addressed simply "Pelé"—with no country. Back home in Brazil he is Edson Arantes do Nascimento, and ambitious politicians are forever trying to shake his hand in front of photographers. He is the biggest star of the world's biggest spectator sport—soccer—and he is only 20.

Day to Himself. Last week, 150,000 screaming fans jammed Rio de Janeiro's cavernous Maracanã Stadium to watch Pelé's team, the Santos Futebol Clube, champions of Brazil, defend their national title against Rio's hard-running Botafogo club. It was no contest. The lithe, hand-some Pelé had the day to himself, stealing the ball, zipping pinpoint passes off the top of his head, foot-dribbling around Botafogo defenders as if they were rooted in concrete. Santos ran up a quick three-goal lead. Then, while delirious fans shouted "Pay-lay! Pay-lay!", Pelé personally administered the crusher, hammering in two more goals to make the final score 5-0.

Son of a smalltime pro soccer player known as Dondinho, Pelé was expected from the fourth grade for cutting classes or play in barefoot *futebol* games, using socks stuffed with rags for a ball. He stole peanuts from railroad cars, roasted them and sold them to get the money for a leather soccer ball. His first job, as



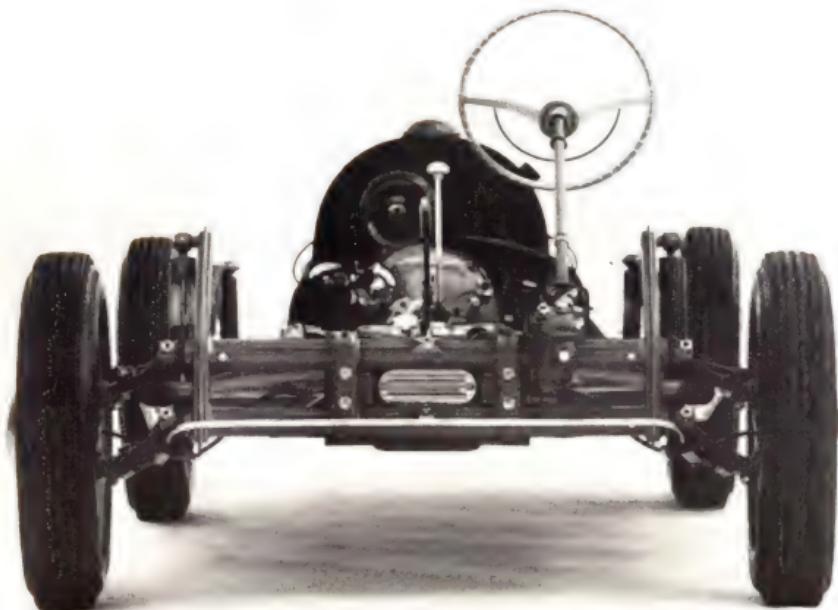
PELÉ (RIGHT) IN ACTION
To play is what he lives for.

cobbler's apprentice, earned him \$2 a month. At eleven, Pelé was spotted by ex-Player Waldemar de Brito, who taught him the game's intricacies, and got him a contract with Santos. The first time he played, Santos won, 6-1, and Pelé scored four goals; within a year Santos was the sensation of Brazil. The team now has won the Brazil Cup two years running and with Pelé on the squad, Brazil's national team has won the last two world championships.

Kicks & Tugs. Nobody ever has found a way to stop Pelé—short of mayhem. Desperate opponents trip him, tug at his jersey, aim vicious kicks at his shins and groin. The tactics rarely work. In a game against Argentina in 1961, Pelé was on his way to a score when a burly Argentine fullback knocked him flat. The referee signaled a foul. But in the split second it took to tont the whistle, Pelé had already leaped up and kicked the goal. The awed ref wrapped his arms around Pelé, apologized and reversed his ruling to let the goal count.

Today, Pelé's mere presence in the Santos line-up ensures a sellout crowd anywhere in the soccer world. His income from salary, bonuses and extras will come to about \$10,000 this year. He can have more any time he wants it. Last year Milan's Internazionale offered him a \$60,000 bonus to sign a contract, and another Italian team, Juventus, was willing to go as high as \$300,000. Spain's Real Madrid told Pelé to set his own price. Pelé turned them all down.

Though he is rich, famous and a bachelor, Pelé lives simply and quietly. He has no plans to get married—and no girl friend for that matter. "I am married to my country," he says. For fun, he wanders down to Santos' beaches, or joins get-up soccer games with the local kids—much as baseball's Willie Mays loved to play in New York stickball games. "I live for soccer only for soccer," says Pelé. "I have no time for anything else."



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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Highest Competi- tion Ball
LOS ANGELES	52	29
SAN DIEGO	68	30
LUCKY OPEN	62	29
PALM SPRINGS	92	112
PGA SENIORS	242	52
ST. LOUIS OPEN	72	33
TUCSON OPEN	82	19
NEW ORLEANS	66	22
MONACOLA	74	22
ST. PETERSBURG	58	23
DORAL	58	23
AZALEA	86	17
MASTERS	72	14
TOTAL	1254	469

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Glad to Be Back

"OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, caroled the Herald Tribune. "New York's ALIVE again," said the Mirror. In a paean to the sweet scent of printer's ink Hearst Columnist Bob Considine cooed: "The Mirror smelled absolutely delicious. If possible, the Journal-American smells deliciouser."

However they smelled, Manhattan's papers returned last week after their 14-day blackout with a solid, 6,500,000-copy thwack!—72,000 above their prestrike circulation. And they were fast, although news-dealers later pulled up and returned thousands of thousands of copies. Exulted Mirror Managing Editor Selig Adler: "We sold more papers than when Marilyn Monroe died."

Forget the Whatchamacallit. Curiosity helped: so did Barnum. Publicity-starved actors and actresses happily posed with their "favorite" papers. Atop the News Building bosomy starlets let loose hundreds of scarlet balloons with coupons offering 30-day free subscriptions. Trib ads trumpeted: "People who switch to the Herald Tribune soon forget all about the New York whatchamacallit." Low-key as ever, Times ads merely asked, "What has the New York Times got that other newspapers haven't got?" The reply: "Interesting" readers.

On inside pages, the newspapers' radio-TV critics did some outspoken promotion of their own. "Those interim dailies and the broadcasters made Gargantuan efforts to fill the void," wrote the News' Ben Gross, "but both were pale shadows of the real thing." Said the Journal's acerbic Jack O'Brian: "They had it all to themselves . . . and they blew it." To the Telegram's Richard Starnes, all the substitutes were "practically worthless to a hungry man."

No Gimmicks? To feed the hunger the papers apparently decided that the best diet was the mixture as before. The News, with the biggest circulation in the U.S. (2,055,266), and the Times, with the biggest reputation, stuck with proven recipes. The others promised major changes that turned out, at best, to be bits of fancy garnishing.

The Trib announced that it had spent its enforced vacation planning "many major innovations and improvements"—but none were immediately evident. The afternoon papers, locked in a visceral battle for circulation, pulled out all the stops. BIG SURPRISE PACKAGE FOR YOU!, said the Journal, in a crimson bannerline and it took three full-page ads just to tell readers what the surprise was: lots more of the same—a new cash giveaway game a serialized version of *Fail-Safe*, and a promise of articles by nearly everyone from Adlai Stevenson to William F. Buckley Jr. Even French Novelist André Maurois turned up with a sort of Gallicized "Dear Abby" column of "advice to wom-

en on marriage, love and how to face life's problems."

With an alarmed eye on the Journal whose presstrike circulation of 601,625 paced the afternoon field, the Telegram (442,936) piously proclaimed that it would offer "no gimmicks," then promptly announced an armful: a new contest a new "space-age" comic strip, a dog column "that interprets barks with a bite." The Post, which had more than doubled its circulation to 730,000 by returning to print three weeks before the others, made little effort to match its



THE HERALD NEW YORK CITY

ON THE TWENTH DAY

A sweet smell and some bitter penalties.

rivals' fancy footwork and slipped quietly back to third in the three-paper P.M. race.

Nothing, Retractively. Two men emerged from the strike with their reputations somewhat brightened: New York Mayor Wagner and veteran Labor Arbitrator Theodore E. Kheel. The goats were more numerous, but in a well-documented, 20,000-word post-mortem, Times Labor Reporter A. H. Raskin narrowed the field to the two chief negotiators: Printers' Union Leader Bert Powers and Team-Vice President Amory H. Bradford.

Powers, according to one source quoted by Raskin, was "so superior to anyone he had to negotiate against that it was like matching Sonny Liston with a Golden Gloves champion," but he was also "cold, ambitious" and unpredictable. Raskin pulled no punches with his own front office: "One top-level mediator said Mr. Bradford brought an attitude of such icy disdain into the conference room that the mediator often felt he ought to ask the hotel to send up more heat." The publishers' attitude, Raskin quoted one observer as complaining, was always "Give me nothing—and do it retroactively."

Unless the pattern is to be repeated all over when the new contracts expire on April 1, 1965, it is obvious that something must be done to overhaul bargaining techniques. But for the time being, the publishers are far less worried about what



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2.438.622*

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the picture

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might happen two years from now than about what their circulation will be tomorrow. And they have cause for concern. Even without the normal attrition in readership caused by a lengthy strike, the Times and Tribune figure to suffer some losses as a result of their new 10¢ prices. When Manhattan's afternoon papers went to a dime in 1957, circulation dropped 20%, and after six years has barely managed to climb back.

Publishers also fear that some readers might kick the newspaper habit once they have been off it long enough—particularly commuters who have grown used to picking up magazines and paperbacks or taking home work from the office. Given the parlous financial condition of at least three Manhattan dailies, such penalties could prove too much to bear, and the long-predicted "shake-out" among New York's newspapers could come fairly soon.

Strike Two

No one was likely to claim credit for the achievement, but Cleveland's newspaper strike had New York's beaten two ways: it started a week earlier and ran a week longer. In the process it set a new longevity mark for major U.S. cities. By the time Ohio's two biggest dailies—the Press (circ. 326,630) and the Plain Dealer (336,110)—resumed publication this week, the city had been blacked out for 129 days. Previous recordholder: Minneapolis, which was without papers for 116 days last year.

Cleveland's strike began with a surprise November walkout by delivery truck drivers demanding higher wages. They were followed next day by the 325-member Guild, representing editorial and commercial employees, Printers, mailers and machinists joined the picket lines too, but it was the Guild that kept the strike going for most of its 188 weeks. In New York ironically, it was the Guildsmen who were most anxious to get back to work.

What the Guild wanted was an "agency shop" in which commercial employees who did not join the Guild would be required to ante up a "service fee" equivalent to regular dues. The Guild's chief opponent was blunt, outspoken Editor Louis Seltzer of Scripps-Howard's Press. "The people who do the creative and objective work on our papers," said he, "should not be required to be members of outside organizations—religious, capital or labor—or subject to their dictates." By the time the Guild finally approved its new contract in February, Seltzer had won his point. Commercial employees were given the option to join the Guild, to stay out, or to pay a service fee without joining. Most stayed out.

Even after the Guild settled, it took six weeks more of dreary bargaining to draw up contracts with the eight remaining newspaper unions. Last to sign were the striking printers and machinists, who at week's end ratified contracts similar to those won by the others and averaging \$10 pay increases over two years. Total cost to the papers' 3,000 employees: \$6,000,000 in lost wages.

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At last the lake burst upon us, a noble sheet of blue water . . . walled in by a ring of snow-clad mountain peaks that towered aloft full 3,000 feet higher still. As it lay there with the shadows of the mountains brilliantly photographed upon its still surface, I thought it must surely be the fairest picture the whole earth affords.

So wrote Mark Twain about Lake Tahoe, a 22-mile-long scenic jewel 150 miles northeast of San Francisco, and so the lake remained until about a decade ago. But it lies athwart the north-south line between two of the nation's most superlative states: the boozingest—California—and the gamblingest—Nevada. And this has been all but the ruination of Mark Twain's "noble sheet of blue water."

Neon & Sewage. A symbol of Tahoe's troubles is an eleven-story hunk of hardware with anodized aluminum trim called Harvey's Wagon Wheel Resort Hotel, which opened for business last week. Three hundred invited guests showed up for 24 hectic hours of freeloading fun in the public rooms and the gadget-strewn suites (each with its own bar). Upstairs was a great big polynesian-style restaurant, and downstairs was a great big gambling casino; across the street was another casino run by Reno's Bill Harrah and featuring Comedienne Phyllis Diller. Who could ask for anything more?

Everybody, apparently. Harrah—who already runs two casinos along the southern shore of the lake—is reportedly planning to put up a 25-story hotel next to his Tahoe club; ubiquitous Builder Del Webb will soon break ground for a 1,200-room hotel and casino; the Frank Sinatra pack owns an old hotel on the northern side

and is aiming to make it ring-a-ding with a 300-room expansion. But it is the southern shore, where the customers from California most conveniently meet the casinos of Nevada, that is teeming with neon civilization.

"In 30 or 40 years, the south end of the lake will be a slum," says San Francisco Attorney William Evers, a longtime Tahoeophile. Along the northern shore, where prosperous Californians and Nevadans used to settle for summers of boating, fishing, hiking and mountaineering, a sprawl of Jerry-building has sprung up to scar the scenery and threaten Tahoe's crystalline water with sewage.

A Conscience for the Lake. But as with many another threat to America the Beautiful, last-minute rescue operations are under way. Attorney Evers and Sacramento Newspaper Publisher Jim McClatchy founded a Tahoe Improvement and Conservation Association in 1957, and in 1960 a Lake Tahoe Area Council was organized, with representation from both states and all shades of interest—including nature-loving conservationists and action-loving Bill Harrah. In order to save the basin, they all realized, there would have to be planning and zoning that cut across and coordinated the jurisdictions of the two states and five counties.

The council has already spent \$125,000 for an engineering study of how to keep sewage from clouding the lake's water. It succeeded in getting El Dorado County to enact an ordinance limiting the size and placement of roadside signs, despite a chorus of complaints from local businessmen. The council is fighting to prevent California's free-spending highway department from turning lake-skirting, two-lane Route 89 into a car-crammed semi-freeway and from building a bridge across Emerald Bay. And on the least developed

east side of the lake, there is a plan to buy a 30-mile tract of unspoiled shoreline and turn it, with some other bits and pieces, into a park administered jointly by California and Nevada.

Both state legislatures are currently wrangling over the proposal. But even if it is doomed, the remainder of the beautiful basin's development will be planned and orderly. "The whole area now has a conscience," says Council President Harry Marks, a former mayor of Modesto, Calif. "We're all asking ourselves, 'Is this place going to be loused up like everything else?' There's enough here that can be saved if people have the guts to do it."

DESIGN

Open Diplomacy

With its slim pillars and airy grillwork, the house rises coolly from the hot, harsh Indian landscape. Inside, a many-plumed fountain plays in the lofty reception hall whose interior walls, repeating the grille motif, rise majestically to the shallow-ruler-straight roof. A sculpturally handsome staircase spirals upward to the private quarters, which are ranged around the two-story-high central hall. The clean, modified-Mogul lines of Roosevelt House reveal the fine hand of Architect Edward D. Stone, whose U.S. embassy chancery in New Delhi (TIME, Jan. 12, 1950) established the grille as an adornment of contemporary architecture.

But while the \$700,000 residence, completed early this year, draws the same esthetic praise as the neighboring chancery, it also draws some practical complaints from the people who live in it. U.S. Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith and his family. While light and air move freely through Stone's interior grillwork walls, so does sound. "You can't have a quiet chat anywhere in the house without being heard everywhere," says Mrs. Galbraith, exercising a woman's right to a little exaggeration. "When we have house guests, my husband and I talk over plans for the day in our private living room, but find it quite unnecessary to discuss them later with our guests. They've already overheard every word. It is a house for open diplomacy, openly arrived at."

Involuntary Voyeurs. Reason is that though most of the bedrooms have four solid walls, the Galbraiths' upstairs living room and the main guest suite have grillwork for their front walls. Anyone in the ambassador's room can look directly across the interior court into the main guest suite, a situation that caused an early visitor to quip: "People who live in Stone houses should undress in the dark." By hanging curtains along the grillwork walls, this problem has been alleviated.

When Under Secretary of State W. Averell Harriman stayed at Roosevelt House, he found he had a bedmate—the Galbraiths' Siamese cat Ahmed, who stalked in casually through a gap between the door and the grillwork. Sparrows nest in the grilles, and dust accumulates rapidly in the hard-to-reach crevices. Several



LAKE TAHOE'S SOUTH SIDE
Civilization is sometimes uncivilized.

TED STEENKAMP



GAELBRAITH CHILDREN ALTOFT



THE AMBASSADOR, WIFE & NEW RESIDENCE
Beauty is a thing of impracticality.

times a week, barefoot houseboys clamber up the grilles to clean dust and bird droppings from the apertures. Fascinated by the scalability of his walls, Galbraith and his sons themselves have taken to climbing like so many human flies.

"In a Palace." The multijetted fountain in the reception hall sounds like "a toilet permanently out of order," the ambassador grumbles. But when the fountain is turned off, the small pool is hardly noticeable. On one occasion, a U.S. colonel marched straight through it without breaking stride on his way to greet Galbraith, standing at the other side. Since then, the perimeter of the pool has been marked with potted plants.

Architect Stone is defensive about the Galbraiths' complaints: "Why are they carping about these little points? These petty features obscure the truth—they are living in a palace." Stone is right, and even the ambassador concurs in principle. When Roosevelt House was dedicated in January, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru admired its beauty but wondered about its practicality. Rejoined Galbraith: "I urge in reply that utility and economy are the enemies of good architects, and certainly no builder is ever remembered for practicing these traits."

TRAVEL

Open Roads

Esthetics is sometimes a matter of life and death.

So it is with the ribbons of concrete and macadam that twine and tunnel through the U.S. Superhighways are a brand-new form of functional art, with elements that differ from the construction of any roads in history. The wrong kind of curve can be dangerous when one is moving at more than a mile a minute, and no curve at all can be lethal. The new art-science of freeway design forms the most original section of a new book called *Man-Made America*, by Planners Christopher Tunnard and Boris Pushkarev (Vale, \$15).

Aiming the Eye. One of the first esthetic considerations in freeway design is the question of what can be seen. Con-

centration intensifies with speed, and peripheral vision diminishes. The highway designer must offer the driver variety near the focal point of his attention without distracting him from the road; at throughway speed, the driver cannot afford to turn his head for more than a few seconds. The road must "aim the eye."

Aiming the driver's eye is important as an antidote to one of the special hazards of freeways—the "tunnel vision" that sometimes leads to hypnosis and sleep. It is also vital to give the driver some means of instinctively judging his own speed, a task that is accomplished by houses, signs and other clutter along the traditional roadside. This may be accomplished on the new freeways by angling the road for views of industrial plants, valleys, water towers, or even pieces of giant sculpture, to contrast with the "green corridor" of the countryside.

Hugging or Violating. Authors Tunnard and Pushkarev emphasize the need for an "essential unity of plan and profile"—short sag on a long curve, for instance, should be avoided in favor of the harmonious gradual one. In fact, the authors recommend continuously curving roadways, on the ground that they not only are more esthetic, but also tend to keep the driver interested and therefore alert. Surprisingly, in the average terrain, such highways are very little, if any, longer, and no more expensive to build than the standard design of straight stretches connected by short curves. Uniform median width should also be avoided; the median strip between the ribbons of roadway should be expanded and con-

tracted to overcome the monotony of high-speed travel. "The designer of a divided freeway possesses, in the very interplay of the two undulating ribbons of pavement, a basic tool of spatial expression," and he should treat it as "a sculptural form in its own right."

In considering the freeway in relation to the landscape, the questions are: "Does it flow along the river smoothly, hug the slope naturally, climb the hill in a convincing way? Does it grasp the mountain firmly, jump the valley decisively? Or does it, on the contrary, climb a ridge needlessly, descend into a valley thoughtlessly, violate a lake brutally, cut up the landscape violently? Or is it simply trite?"

Some indication of the relationship between these considerations and highway safety is given in a compilation the authors have made of 13 freeways, rating them for their esthetic quality and for the number of fatalities per 100 million vehicle miles in 1957-58.

Road	1957-58 fatalities per 100 million vehicle miles	Esthetic character
Garden State Parkway (N.J.)	1.15	Excellent
New York Thruway	1.40	Good
Maine Turnpike	1.85	Monotonous
Taconic Parkway (N.Y.) (divided part)	1.90	Excellent
New Jersey Turnpike	2.20	Monotonous
Merritt Parkway (Conn.)	2.50	Good
Ohio Turnpike	3.15	Fairly good
Massachusetts Turnpike	3.25	Fairly good
Florida Turnpike	3.30	Monotonous
Indiana Turnpike	3.60	Monotonous
Pennsylvania Turnpike	4.70	Monotonous
Oklahoma Turnpike	6.25	Monotonous
Kansas Turnpike	7.00	Monotonous



BAD



GOOD

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S KOSLER



ITALY'S ABBADO
With gorilla and florina a piano.



ARGENTINA'S CALDERON

CONDUCTORS Triumphant Trio

The three young winners were all foreigners, and each conducted in a distinctive style—The Athlete, The Professor, The Sailor. They were the prize trophies of the most elaborate conductor-hunt ever staged, and when they closed the second Dimitri Mitropoulos International Music Competition at Carnegie Hall last week, the vigor and variety of their art made the contest's logarithmic complexity seem thoroughly worthwhile.

Elephant Ears. The winners arrived in New York last month with 55 other conductors who had survived auditions held throughout the world. Only seven were American, but all were tempted by the competition's rich prizes: for the three first-prize winners, \$5,000 each, plus a year's contract as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein was chosen as chief judge, along with enough lady committee members to staff at least 25 violin sections.

The first test eliminated no one; each contestant transcribed from memory the score of a short composition right after he heard it played. Then working with a list of approved works that included symphonic selections from the baroque to the contemporary, each was given the podium of the Symphony of the Air for a 20-minute tour. Half were dismissed with thanks. The preliminary rounds lasted five full days, a tense ordeal for the conductors, in exhausting one for the musicians. While the contestants conducted Bernstein occasionally poked the noses making elephant ears with his hands—the better to judge. When the semifinals arrived, twelve were left, including one American, a Pole, a Hungarian, and then there were eleven.

Provocative Fact. The eleven played a difficult repertory that tested all their talents: the overture of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, Chopin's *Concerto No. 2 in F Major*, a ravishing end duet for tenor and soprano from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Then, as a surprising surprise, their coach gave the score to Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto*, contemporary

work none of them had seen before—and told to be on the podium in four minutes ready to conduct. Six survived. Said Chet Baker Bernstein darkly: "One provocative fact: there is not one American among the six finalists."

But American or not, the three victors are a spectacularly gifted lot:

• **CLAUDIO ABBADO**, 20, from Milan, had by far the most flair. He stood with feet planted as on a rolling deck and with great sweeps of the arms drew a rich and textured sound from the orchestra. A pianist, Abbado had none of the usual percussive tastes of the piano conductor instead, he even trusted the beaters and blowers in the orchestra to come in without cue, while he painted tones in the violin section. Abbado studied at the Mozarteum and the Vienna Academy of Music, and in 1958 he won the Koussevitzky Prize for conductors at Tanglewood.

• **PEDRO CALDERON**, 20, of Buenos Aires, made his debut with the Argentine National Symphony in 1957. His technique is basic and athletic, and he embellishes a graceful, conservative beat with little dance steps. While conducting the first movement of Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*, he became so involved in the rhythmic current that his left hand began to drift meaninglessly—but the good-natured Symphony of the Air helped him sound ingenious.

• **ZDENEK KOSLER**, 34, of Prague made all the others look like gifted amateurs. He was the professional, the scholarly genius, the gently firm hand—a balding, smiling junior George Szell. He played Mozart as well as he played Dvorak, and at the final concert, he alone was called back for bows from the podium.

Kosler is already a major musician in Czechoslovakia where he is permanent conductor of the Ostrava State Opera and a regular guest with the Czech Philharmonic in Prague. He won the Besançon Competition in 1956, and since then has toured Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and the Soviet Union. Kosler seemed so much music's master that it was a mystery why he should want to day as an assistant conductor at Philharmonic Hall. "He'll spend a year just watching Bernstein conduct," said a worried musician, "and he'll forget how to do it himself."

COMPOSERS

Tu Parles, Charles

Poor France—it is blessed with three immense schools of popular songwriters. There is the rock-twist crowd, which follows the spiritual guidance of Elvis Presley, Chubby Checker and a Gallic hero named Johnny Hallyday, and spawns an army of combos with names like *Les Chats Sauvages*. There are The Defenders of French Music, troubadour poets like Georges Brassens and Leo Ferré who sing their verses to naughty-some tunes. And there is Charles Aznavour.

All by himself, Aznavour, is five foot four, 140 pounds and esthetically alone is the biggest of the three. As composer, lyricist or both, he has written 200 songs in the past 15 years, and an average of five a year have reached France's Top Ten. As singer and performer, he has packed the Olympia in Paris, Carnegie Hall in New York, and last week he was posing the Comédie-Française in Montreal on the start of a world tour. As a result of all this plus a career as movie star (*Shoot the Piano Player*) and music publisher, he has acquired two children, a flight of sports cars and \$100,000. And as a philosopher, by his own gay admission he



AZNAVOUR AT CARNEGIE HALL
With the *Twinkies*



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Here's a prison telephone system that virtually has eyes as well as ears. Developed and built by AE, this unique "trouble-shooting" system has centralized monitor boards that indicate at a glance which phones are in use throughout the prison. If a threatening or unauthorized call is made, the *location* of the call is instantly spotted, even if the caller has hung up.

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has firmly pushed back the moral frontier of France.

Special Pinnacle. "When I began," Aznavour says, "the radio banned my songs. They didn't want to hear my forbidden words. Nothing is dirty, everything is poetic—but moral hypocrites never admit this. For ten years the ban went on, forbidden, *la vérité!*" Then, five years ago, the pressure of the truth was too much. I was allowed to speak my message: 'Live now, tomorrow who knows?'"

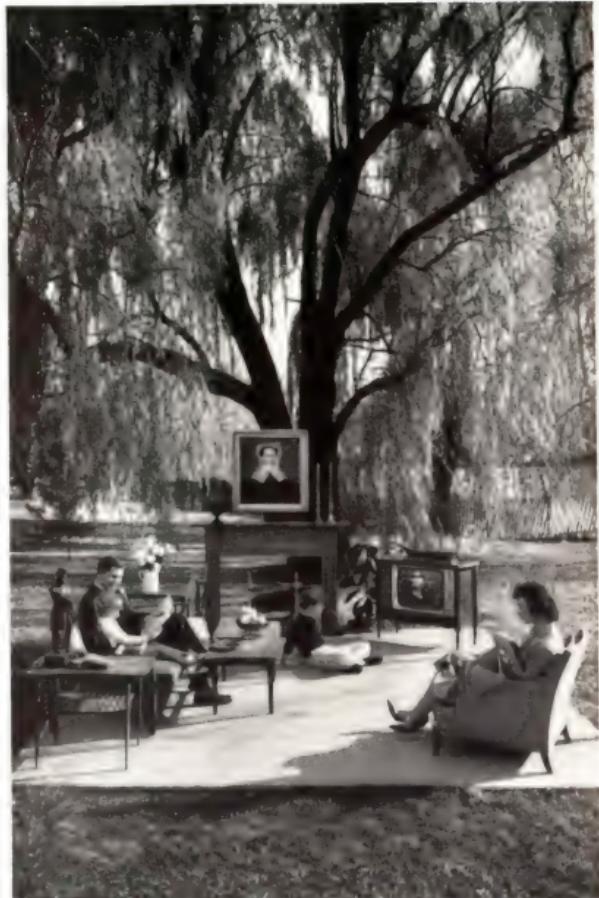
To nostalgic melodies full of trembling triplets and the heaving rhythm of circa 1957 rock 'n' roll, he sings his message in the husky voice the French call "*après l'amour*." He sings only his own songs and as he fills the demands of recordings and concerts, he turns them out with spectacular ease. "Some people turn the light out while love-making," he slyly explains. "I keep it on."

With his light on, Aznavour has discovered that in life *l'amour* rarely rhymes with *toujours*, and he tirelessly embroiders this theme in his songs. "What could I have been thinking of? Was it with you I fell in love?" sings a disillusioned Aznavour husband. "I gaze at you in sheer despair and see your mother standing there." Other songs deal with fading Don Juans, wifely nagging, and Who Gets *Lolita* When Humbert Humbert Dies? "I have no intellectual colleagues," Aznavour says from his artistic pinnacle, "but my rapport is with everyone."

Special Chemical. Aznavour grew up in Paris, dwarfed by everything. At home his immigrant family constantly sang the songs of their native Armenia, but from infancy Charles had what he calls "a little frog" in his throat. During the German occupation, his luck turned so sour that he took to hawking papers in the streets in order to support his night life as a ducttailed *rasou* in tight pants and flashy jacket; when the nightclubs closed, he went home on roller skates. But shouting out headlines gave a resonant fogness to his crippled voice, and soon Aznavour was a fulltime singer.

The first song he wrote, *J'ai Bu* (I Drank), was an immediate hit. "*Tu parles, Charles!*" (You said it, Charley), Aznavour remembers telling himself, and he began to grind his song-a-week music mill. Somehow he managed to write no bad songs at all. Jacqueline François, Juliette Greco and Johnny Hallyday all made hits with his songs, but it is the special chemical Aznavour adds to his music when he sings it himself that France likes best. Aznavour is the perfect salesman for his own works; his words are the ploy of any poor devil, sung in any poor devil's voice.

In America, Aznavour has just started to make his pitch. His S.R.O. Carnegie Hall concert was a strong beginning, and a new record (*Formidable!*, Mercury) is just out; it is a polished collection of Aznavour hits, screened and sanitized. "I am not sure America will like me," Aznavour says, "because here conventions are different. But the truth is the truth, here as in France, and in France *tout le monde* believes in my music."



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SCIENCE

ARCHAEOLOGY

The Pharaoh & the Flood

More than 3,000 years ago, Ramses II, Pharaoh of Egypt, had his slaves cut a magnificent temple out of a sandstone cliff beside the Nile. Four colossal figures designed as monuments to the Pharaoh sit impassively beside the temple entrance. But for all its magnificence, the Temple of Abu Simbel is apparently doomed. For lack of \$2 million, the cost of a few bombers or missiles, it will soon be submerged under 200 ft. of muddy water backed up by the High Dam being built at Aswan 180 miles downstream.

Up the Cliff. Many schemes have been proposed to save Abu Simbel. The simplest one, advanced by French engineers, involves the construction of a semicircular concrete dam 250 ft. high to wall off the Nile water. The dam would probably cost \$80 million, and constant pumping would still be needed to handle seepage. If the pumps were ever stopped, water would soon cover the temple, wrecking its ancient stonework.

UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization), the U.N. agency in charge of saving Abu Simbel, rejected the French dam in favor of a more imaginative Italian proposal to cut the whole temple free of the rock and lift it to the top of the cliff by hydraulic jacks. Once raised above the rising water, the temple would be safe indefinitely, and it would have an attractive site on the rim of the great new artificial lake. The lifting would cost \$42 million plus \$24 million for finishing the job.

But even \$42 million is not available. Last week UNESCO Secretary-General René Maheu added up what had been gathered by passing the international hat. Egypt pledged \$11.5 million. West Germany gave \$1.85 million. Italy \$1.80 million. India \$7.14 million. Cuba \$1.10 million. In all 17 countries contributed, including Bolivia and Nepal, each of which gave \$1,000, but the total is more than \$22 million short.

Three of the world's richest nations—the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and Britain have thus far given nothing. The Russians claim that their money is already helping Egypt to build the High Dam—someone else, they say, should take care of Abu Simbel. The U.S. apparently believes that attempts to raise the temple would destroy it, and anyway, \$42 million would only begin to cover the cost of jacking it up.

Membrane Dam. While the fate of Abu Simbel hung in the balance, two cut-rate schemes were proposed to save it. British Movie Producer William MacQuitty backed by a group of London engineers and architects, proposed building a thin "membrane" dam around the temple. When muddy Nile water rises outside, pressure will be balanced as the space that the dam encloses will be filled to the same height with clear, filtered water treated so that it will not damage the temple's stonework. Visitors would be able to admire the temple from submerged porches reached by elevators. MacQuitty estimates that his scheme will cost only \$14 million, including the elevators and water-treatment plant. Another stop-

gap British scheme suggests covering the temple with a hollow pyramid sealed to keep out the water. The pyramid, says J. S. Chudha, a Kenya Indian practicing architecture in London, will be appropriate for Egypt. It could be built mostly of native materials and should not cost more than \$8,400,000. UNESCO has not smiled on either British plan.

Temples for Dollars. To coax more contributions, Egyptian Culture Minister Abdel Kader Hatem is offering ancient art works, even whole temples, in return for contributions toward the salvation of Abu Simbel. Nothing so vulgar as a price list has been published, and only governments or large and dignified institutions may apply. Five temples are on the bargain counter. Three of them: Dendur dedicated by Caesar Augustus to two drowned heroes; Dabod, built by a Nubian king; and Tafileh, built during the Roman period, have already been dismantled and moved to safe, high ground. The other two: Ellesya, built by Thutmose III 3,500 years ago and Derr, built by Ramses II, are, like Abu Simbel, cut from rock. They must be pried loose from the cliff before they can be moved. A group of Italian institutions is reportedly interested in Ellesya, and the U.S. has cast envious eyes at Derr. The city of Indio, Calif., would like to transport the temple to the Egypt-like desert of the Coachella

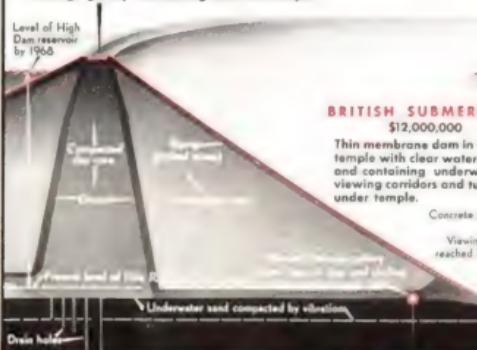
Valley. As they discuss the final fate of threatened Abu Simbel, the U.S. and other countries still show no sense of urgency. Even if the water starts rising on schedule in 1964, there will be time left for some kind of action. A simple, cheap cofferdam can protect the temple temporarily while last-minute efforts are made to save it.

THREE WAYS TO SAVE ABU SIMBEL

FRENCH DAM

\$80,000,000

Massive, curved, 24-million-cubic yard earth dam 250 ft. high to hold waters of Aswan reservoir. Seepage would require a continuously pumped drainage gallery surrounding dam and temple.



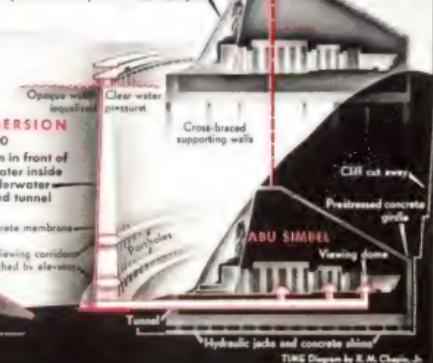
BRITISH SUBMERSION

\$12,000,000

This membrane dam in front of temple with clear water inside and containing underwater viewing corridor and tunnel under temple.

Concrete membrane
Viewing corridor reached by elevator
Underwater sand compacted by vibrations

\$66,000,000 plan favored by UNESCO. Temple would be cut out of cliff and encased in concrete. 250,000-ton block would be raised 200 ft. by 650 synchronized jacks under temple.





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GEOLGY Do-It-Yourself Diamonds

The diamond season at Murfreesboro, Ark., opened early this spring when word got around that Fred Wood, a sawmill worker from Chidester, had found a ten-carat stone. It ought to bring \$8,000, says Wood, and it is not the only diamond that he has found. "I don't do no digging," he says. "I just walk and look." He plans to name his find the Orval E. Faubus diamond, for his state's Governor.

Glittering Pebble. A few diamonds have been found in other parts of the U.S., but they are considered freaks, probably carried long distances by rivers or glaciers. The Murfreesboro diggings—at best a poor relation of the famous diamond "pipes" of South Africa—are genuine. Ages ago, a volcano must have

suggested that many are picked up but to avoid income tax are not reported. A contrary rumor holds that the field is sometimes salted with rough diamonds to stir up tourist interest. A third rumor whispers that Arkansas would be a major diamond producer if an international diamond combine had not managed somehow to block every attempt to work the deposits by large-scale mining methods.

Sedentary System. The mining methods used at present are simple and relaxed returning considerable pleasure and a very few diamonds to tourists who pay \$1.50 for a day's digging. Last year 65,000, including kids at 50¢ per head, stopped through the muddy gullies. Many of them says State Geologist Norman F. Williams "are little old ladies who might be in their flower beds. They come dressed to kill and end up taking off their shoes



SEARCHERS AT MURFREESBORO
Some hardly move at all; others faint.

erupted in what is now Arkansas. Presumably that geologic hiccup eventually resulted in an impressive cone, but hundreds of millions of years of erosion wore it down. The only remnants were traces of the lava that once filled the volcano's vent. The lava was kimberlite, named after Kimberley, South Africa, and as it disintegrated, it released a few diamonds.

Those that remain today seem to be concentrated in 65 acres of land set in the piney woods 3½ miles from Murfreesboro (pop. 1,100). The field first became prominent in 1966 when a young guide, John Wesley Huddleston, picked up a glittering pebble after a rainstorm. When a Little Rock jeweler pronounced it a genuine high-quality diamond, a rush of buggy-born diggers, many of them women in ground-sweeping skirts, swarmed into Murfreesboro. Few of them found diamonds, and most of them soon went home. But ever since then, the diggings have been a steady tourist attraction.

Real diamonds of impressive size turn up occasionally. One, found by Mrs. A. L. Parker of Dallas in 1956, weighed 15.38 carats, and has been valued at \$80,000. How many others have been found is something of a mystery. One local rumor

hiking up their skirts and wading in the mud." Women get the most excitement. Some of them shriek or faint when they find a tiny diamond.

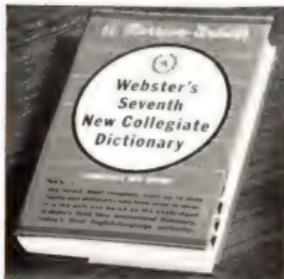
Champion gem hunter is a man from St. Louis who hardly moves at all. He selects a likely spot, sits on the ground, and peers at the bare earth. For hours, as the sun's angle slowly changes, he watches for a tiny glitter. It may be only a bit of quartz or a chip from a broken pop bottle, but when he sees the glitter, he dares not move his head. He just stares rigidly so as not to lose the gleam, while his wife, who has been waiting for orders, follows his directions and picks up whatever he has spotted. This sedentary system has yielded 42 diamonds.

CONSERVATION

Happy Future Days

If its population continues to expand at the present rate, by the year 2000 the U.S. will find itself supporting some 300 million people. Will the country's natural resources be able to stand the strain? Having asked itself the question, a Ford Foundation study group called Resources for the Future spelled out a 1,000-page

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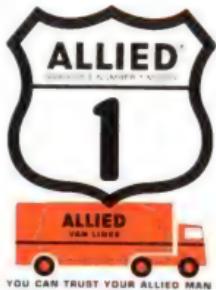
answer that bristles with confidence. Come the turn of the century, says the report, U.S. resources will easily be able to support U.S. citizens on the lush level of living they will have learned to expect.

That bright view of the future includes some basic assumptions: 1) the cold war will worry along at its present intensity, draining goods and manpower into defense against a catastrophic war that will not occur; 2) the U.S. will continue to foot the bill for expensive space exploration and aid to foreign countries; 3) most important of all, the nation's technology will continue to improve, for freedom from want is not in the cards for a static society. Some sample predictions:

- **FOOD.** In the year 2000, Americans may eat less than they do now. But they will demand more of such expensive items as meat, fruit and dairy products. Filling this demand will be no problem if agricultural techniques already known are applied more widely.
- **WATER.** Every part of the country will have to watch its water supply but for different reasons. In the humid East and Pacific Northwest, there will be enough water for all reasonable demands. The main problem will be to keep it from being wasted or polluted. In the arid West, where irrigation agriculture absorbs nearly all the available water, cities and industries can continue to grow only by taking water away from a few farmers.
- **ENERGY.** Demand for energy is expected to triple by the end of the century. Oil and natural gas will gradually decline in importance as the most productive fields are exhausted. Large coal reserves may take their place, and oil shale and lignite may be used. Atomic energy will provide at least half of all U.S. electricity in the year 2000.
- **MINERALS.** U.S. steel requirements will increase 200% by the end of the century, but iron ore will still be in good supply. Though much of it will probably come from rich foreign deposits, low-grade U.S. ore can be used at slightly greater cost. The same principle applies to aluminum, which will increase steadily in importance. If high-quality foreign bauxite, which is now used as aluminum ore, becomes unavailable, the U.S. can turn to low-grade domestic deposits, or even to plentiful aluminum-containing clay. Other important metals, such as copper, can be extracted in any reasonable quantity out of low-grade domestic ores at somewhat higher cost. In only a few metals, including tin and manganese, is the U.S. really deficient, and it would take only moderate technical ingenuity to get along without them.

This bountiful future will not arrive automatically: it must be worked for intelligently. "The main escape hatch from scarcity," says the report, "is technological advance across a broad front, and behind this have to be large, varied, effective programs of research and development in science, engineering, economics and management. And backing this up has to be a strong system of general education at all levels."

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FERBER'S "SPHEROID II"

His sculptures bore their teeth.

Caged Action

Patients who go to Dr. Herbert Ferber Silvers, D.D.S., graduate of Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery, are usually unaware that he is also a noted sculptor; and those who follow the work of Sculptor Herbert Ferber 56, have probably never heard of Dr. Silvers. Yet this double career has been going on for more than 30 years, ever since an ambitious young man took up dentistry at Columbia and at the same time began studying at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design at night.

Last week, after a year-long tour about the country, a retrospective of his work landed in Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art, while at the same time a smaller exhibition opened at the Andre Emmerich Gallery. Ferber's iron sculptures are not always comfortable to look at; they often bare aggressive fangs, as if defying the viewer to come close, let alone to touch them. At times, their restlessness seems rather fretful; but at their best they are full of hurtling vigor.

Bony Wrestlers. Ferber started out as a carver, and the earliest work in the show is a conventional female torso from 1932

a small but ballooning mass that simply stood in space without having any particular relationship to it. In 1934, Ferber began a series of wrestlers into which space entered quite naturally between the parts of the two struggling bodies. Gradually space became more and more important in his work; he whittled down his figures until flesh became bone and bone in time became purely abstract forms. The wrestling went on, but the combatants were no longer human.

Unlike many of his colleagues, Ferber does not worry about being "true to the material." His only goal is to reproduce the forms whirling in his head, and when

stone and wood were no longer flexible enough, he switched to welded metal. Though his sculpture often seems to have an organic life of its own, it is not inspired by nature, and he believes that no association should interfere with the tense interplay between mass and void. "In open sculpture," says Ferber, "the spaces and the forms are equally important. The eye travels around and inside them. There is no business of front or back because the eye goes right through."

Absent Platform. Ferber's earlier work retained one convention: each piece, imprisoned by gravity, had to rest on an obvious base. In his *Spheroid II*, Ferber tried to eliminate the platform. The sculpture has the suggestion of an outer surface; but inside, everything is movement with each form challenging every other. Taken literally, the sculpture does have a top and bottom, but esthetically it does not. Since it is in constant motion, its base is gone.

In his various *Calligraphes*, Ferber carried the experiment further. In one the action may take place in a kind of cage in another, the forms bounce back and forth against a wall and a root and seem never to come to rest. These sculptures do not rise up from the ground; the forms though loosely defined by a framework are made to twist and pierce, coil and writhe in almost complete freedom. Ferber has even done a sculpture in which the framework is a whole room—an "environmental work" that envelops the viewer. It is a daring proposal of marriage between sculpture and architecture, though there are probably not many people who would want to be enveloped so vigorously. In almost all his work Ferber's early wrestling matches go on in the form of a ceaseless battle against constraint. When a work succeeds it becomes not metal but a magnificent release of energy.

Painter of Presences

Some Americans who visit Rome lose their wallets. Stephen Greene 43, lost his style. Already established as a figurative artist, he won a coveted Prix de Rome in 1949, but cut it short after three months and returned to the U.S. shattered and ill. After he recuperated he painted a stark, disturbing study of a skeleton crucified on an easel.

Four years later, Greene went to Rome again, and "became dissatisfied with everything I was doing. To turn away from anything that was a scene rather than a presence became important." How far Greene has turned away is chronicled in his first major retrospective, a striking array of 40 paintings and 22 drawings presently on view at Washington's Corcoran Gallery and due to tour the U.S. before reaching Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery a year from now.

The Knowledge of Death. Before Rome, Greene used to paint frozen tabloua that mirrored modern existentialist ideas. He trapped his figures—as in Sartre's *No Exit*—in shallow doorless and windowless spaces, amputated their legs and left them relying on crutches. *The Burial* (see color) shows a legless living cadaver sprawled in a coffin, stifling back a scream with his hand—a scream that comes from "the pain of knowledge of that death in life which we begin experiencing early," Greene explains. Behind the coffin lid, a mourner gestures upward as if in hope. But his candle remains unlit.

Then came Greene's two traumatic visits to Rome. While there in 1953, Greene struggled almost a year with one large picture, and destroyed it. One day, for the first time, he looked at some ancient mosaics and began to break up his surfaces with flickering brushstrokes holly hued like autumn leaves. Anatomical outlines melted in fiery new colors and—as if blinded by moon light—Greene began to paint hallucinatory presences peering through masking blue planes. Color began to operate as symbol: orange for passion, blue for infinity. *Departure*, done in 1951 contains a dismembered, bony elbow reminiscent of his maimed early figures but now serving as one of the presences which intrude into a tranquil world, that sweep in from the painting's edges to perform a ritual in the center.

Pictures of Visions. "I'm not an abstract expressionist," Greene insists, and in his works he can find plumply rounded female forms and filamentous masculine figures. "Some people call me a symbolist but that alone is not a style. Painter might be the last great religious people in the sense of having a vision. Yet if we really knew what we were painting most of us would commit suicide." Though Greene's late oils are flamboyant with color, the dark side persists in black maws that gape open in his canvases. "There is always something terrible happening in a beautiful world. But everything is not all black and if it's not all black, it's not a total tragedy."



STEPHEN GREENE, WORKING IN 1947, ILLUSTRATES A MOOD WITH HALLUCINATORY "THE BURIAL"

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Selling Confusion

For the second straight week, the House Special Subcommittee on Investigations poked and prodded at the A. C. Nielsen Co., the colossus of the television rating industry.

Nielsen, which collects 90% of all dollars spent on national radio and television ratings, knew it was the committee's prime target, and its executives came to the hearings armed with a vanload of statistical charts. But the committee members were not to be diverted by the long-winded, jargonized explanations of the Nielsen *modus operandi*. "You gentlemen amuse me," California Republican J. Arthur Younger told the Nielsen men. "I have never yet seen anything that sells confusion before like you people do."

Lights & Buzzers. Yet from the confusion, a picture of Nielsen's operation slowly, fuzzily emerged. The company's "sample universe" is peopled with two species of audience: Audimeter families and Audilog-Recordimeter families. In some 1,100 U.S. homes (selected by computer), all radios and television sets are monitored continuously by Audimeters—black boxes about the size and shape of a car battery. Each Audimeter comes equipped with eight weeks' worth of film, which records the family's listening and viewing activity. When a spool of film is replaced (either weekly or every other week, according to Nielsen's need for speed), the Audimeter rewards its keeper by ejecting two quarters (Nielsen also pays half the family's TV repair bill). The film is mailed to headquarters in Chicago, where its coded streaks and dots show what channels the set was tuned to, when, and for how long. By correlating this information with program schedules, Nielsen's tabulators and a clacking IBM 1410 computer crank out the ratings that spell life or death for most shows.

The Audilog-Recordimeter family has a more challenging role to play. Planted in some 12,000 homes, the Recordimeter, a small, clocklike instrument, toots up the number of hours the radio or television set is operating. But it cannot tell what channel or station the set is tuned to. Every half hour, if the set is on, the Recordimeter briskly rouses the absorbed or snoring viewer by flashing a white light behind the picture tube. Radio listeners are alerted by a buzzer. At this signal, the viewer is supposed to pick up his Audilog, a soft-backed book with a page for each day's viewing, and record the time, the channel he is watching, and the channel changes he has made. The A-R family is rewarded with \$1 a week for allowing itself to be called to work by lights and buzzers. The unanswered question in everyone's mind: Were families that consented to having these electronic watchdogs truly representative of all TV viewers? An ex-Nielsen field man testified that he once had to try 92 homes in Grand Rapids, Mich., before he could

place a single Audimeter. On another occasion, in Washington, D.C., he rang 400 doorbells before finding anyone willing to take on the more laborious A-R chores.

In the Wasteland. The actions of the small Nielsen sample are extrapolated to determine the habits of the entire television- and radio-listening population. How risky is this? Committee Investigators Robert E. L. Richardson and Rex Sparger had some jolting examples:

► In Texarkana, Ark., a woman "didn't like what Jack Paar said on his show . . . concerning the recent Meredith situation in Mississippi, so she turns him off every time he comes on, even though she likes the show." Since each Audimeter represents some 50,000 TV homes in the Nielsen

testified that had he been able to get eleven more homes, one of his TV shows would not have been canceled.

► There is not a single Audimeter in the entire Rocky Mountain time zone (pop. approximately 7,000,000, including Denver, Albuquerque, and Salt Lake City). Nielsen argued that it did not matter, since Rocky Mountain opinions would not be different enough to make a significant change in the ratings.

Richardson moved on to the company's handling of the data itself. In a Nielsen report on a local television market, Recordimeter data must jibe with Audilog entries only one day in five to have that day counted as valid. In radio, though, if one day on a Monday-Friday basis is "bad," the entire period is discarded.

This "messing" with the sample, Richardson maintained, hurts the record of



ARTHUR SIEGEL



AUDIMETER

Perhaps he perks up the cookie commercial.

sen projections, she cost Paar 50,000 "listeners" just by flipping a switch.

► An Audilog yielded this entry: "Turned TV on this morning so baby could watch it. I had too much to do today because I had to go away for a while." Nielsen counted the baby's viewing times as valid in its rating equation.

► A San Diego woman recorded in her Audilog that she kept her radio going most of the day, and "my dog enjoys it as much as a dog can." Nielsen's research division manager, Henry Rahmel, explained: "We don't count dogs in our audience sample," but admitted that the entry was counted.

► An Audimeter in Louisville showed that one television set ran almost continuously for two weeks in November 1961, although the two channels to which it was tuned in that period broadcast only eight hours a day. Richardson wondered who had been watching, if anybody.

► Ten Nielsen TV families constitute approximately one rating point, and the loss of a point can be fatal. One producer



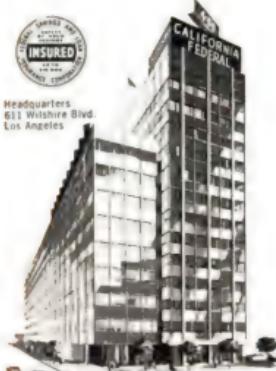
HEDRICH-BLESSING



LISTENER

radio sets in use, since up to one-third of the radio diaries may be blanks. This pulls down radio ratings and helps push time buyers to other media. Also, individual stations can be hurt. One Louisville report showed radio station WKLO in first place (with 21% of the listeners) during one Monday-Friday quarter-hour period. WAKY was second with 20% and WAVE third with 18%. But when Richardson added the valid days from 39 Audilogs that were dumped because of flaws, WAVE climbed to 23%, WAKY to 21%, while the erstwhile leader, WKLO, slipped to 19%. "It is obvious," Richardson said, "that this could be important . . . the way time buyers use this data."

Counting Eyeballs. As the hearings drew to a close, Arthur C. Nielsen Jr., president of the company, watched impassively from the hearing-room audience. "We have received some worthwhile suggestions," he said. "If they prove to be desirable improvements, we will be glad to make them." Board Chairman A. C. Niel-



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sen Sr., who thought up the whole idea, was in Europe and stayed there.

But his equanimity did not calm the advertisers, whose faith in rating services was clearly shaken. Said Paul E. J. Gerhold, director of marketing services for Foote, Cone & Belding: "Restoring the confidence of business in television audience figures, after these hearings, may well require setting up a completely independent facility to produce and publish spot checks on the accuracy of the syndicated data."

At the annual convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago, President LeRoy Collins declared: "It is incredible that the rating services have not instituted greater changes than they have, with all the indicated faults and weaknesses of their methodologies and services." Addressing the convention next day, FCC Chairman Newton Minow told the broadcasters he hoped the hearings "may encourage you to put more trust in the people and more faith in your own judgments of the public's capacity to respond to the best that is in you. I should hope that sometimes you would cancel the ratings and keep the programs. It's not accuracy I'm particularly worried about, I just don't think it's the function of broadcasters simply to count eyeballs."

On the Brink

Her hair is just plain brown, and so are her eyes. Her mouth is big and arranged haphazardly, as if it were something new and unfamiliar, possibly hers only loan. Her bosom is barely discernible, her legs too straight to be alluring, and she walks like a child in her mother's high-heeled shoes. As an actress Joan Hackett, 28, does not begin to look the part. But like the good actress she is, there is hardly a part she doesn't manage to look right for.

A Hundred Roles a Day. Joan Hackett is typical of a relatively new and relatively unnoticed phenomenon: the television-trained pro. Before television, actresses whose ambitions ran to serious acting—Margaret Sullavan, Katharine Hepburn and Bette Davis—got their training in road companies, straw-hat theaters, or in Hollywood's now-all-but-vanished B pictures. Disdained by highbrows as inferior, ignored by serious critics in search of "specials," television nonetheless offers young actors a wonderfully flexible working stage and an audience millions of times greater than anything Ogunquit or Provincetown ever knew. There are a hundred available roles to be cast each day, a thousand each week; not since the early days of motion pictures, and before that the traveling troupes of strolling players, has such repertory training been possible.

Among the current crop of young actresses who have served at least a part of their apprenticeship on TV: Zohra Lampert, currently appearing with Anne Bancroft (another TV graduate) in *Breathless Mother Courage*; Salome Jens, notable as well for her off-Broadway role in *The Balcony* and on-Broadway part in *A Far Country*; Collin Wilcox, who made a



JOAN HACKETT
She doesn't look it, but she is.

mark in TV's *The Member of the Wedding*, won excellent notices (along with Zohra Lampert) in Broadway's *Look! We've Come Through*. Of them all, none works more consistently, nor more consistently well, than Joan Hackett.

She has appeared on almost every major TV series going, and some that have already gone. In the past two seasons, she has been pregnant and unmarried (*The Nurses*), a dope addict (*The New Breed*) and an assault suspect (*The Defenders*); she has suffered medical miseries ranging from a simple subdural hematoma (*Dr. Kildare*) to epilepsy (*Ben Casey*), will appear next month as a girl about to enter a convent (*Empire*). She played the second Mrs. De Winter (to James Mason's Mr.) in a widely acclaimed special of *Rebecca*, and won a slew of awards for her performance as the promiscuous heroine of off-Broadway's *Call Me by My Rightful Name*.

Even so, Joan is finicky about her scripts. Last year she turned down 15 movies. "I'm so particular about what I do, I may never work again," she says cheerily. This year, already in rehearsal as Gertrude Berg's daughter in *Dear Me, The Sky Is Falling*, she broke her contract and pulled out. "The part was wrong for me," she says. "I wasn't allowed to play it the way I felt I should. Then Gertrude Berg started saying 'But she doesn't look Jewish,' and I knew I had to go."

Born in Harlem to an Irish father and an Italian mother, Joan became a model after high school, worked for two years in the garment district. Twentieth Century-Fox spotted her picture on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*, gave her a screen test, and offered her a contract. She turned it down, but committed herself to acting. "I couldn't live in Hollywood. I'd spend all my time in the pool and believe producers when they said 'I've seen the rushes, baby, and I cried.'"

Die by the Sword. Joan claims to have practically no technique at all ("I can't fake it; if I do I look like the ratking of the century"). Too old to be a starlet and

not yet a star, perhaps destined by her own temperament and whimsy never to be one. She is hovering on the very brink of success. But, like a hummingbird, she hovers confidently. "I've found something to do," she says, "and I want to do it very well, so that when I die and they ask me 'What did you do?' I can be proud of everything. You have to decide at some point, what you care about. You can't decide five years later, after you're a matinee idol, that you want something else. By then you're Errol Flynn and forever with the sword."

Last week Joan Hackett was offered the female lead in a Harold Prince comedy, slated to open on Broadway this fall. Tentative title: *She Didn't Say Yes*. Joan, happily, did.

MOVIES

The Great Divide

After more than a year spent denying the existence of the most irregular triangle since the scalene, one of the sides gave in. Leaving Husband Richard stranded with Actress Elizabeth Taylor in neighborly suites at London's Dorchester Hotel, Sybil Burton flew to New York with her two daughters, Kate, 5, and Jessica, 3, and announced tersely that "all arrangements, financial and otherwise, have been concluded" for a separation.

Divorce, she insisted, has not been discussed or even considered. But up until three months ago, she had insisted that separation was also out of the question. Sybil Burton, silver-haired at 33, was clearly giving up on her 14-year marriage. Though Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher might find it premature to start the ritual of divorce or send out her towels for a new monogram, since Burton, however separate, is still a married man, things were definitely looking up. From Eddie Fisher, still Liz's husband of record, there were only yawns. His comment, as issued by his official spokesman: "This is a tiresome thing, and I am sure people are getting fed up with it."



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crew cut, he's been around for over five thousand radio and TV broadcasts (and people keep asking for Moore!). And that "House Party" over at Art Linkletter's must be quite a party. It's going full blast after 19 years.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES Rebirth at Göttingen

"Heidelberg's famous for wine, women and song; Göttingen's famous for wine, women and nuclear physics," says an American student at Germany's most notably nuclear university. Before Hitler, George August University in Göttingen harbored some of the world's great nuclear names—Born, Hahn, Heisenberg—and hatched a *Hitler's Hitler* of U.S. science.

Fermi, Compton, Teller, Oppenheimer. After the war, as one of Germany's few relatively unshamed universities, Göttingen got quickly to work restoring its reputation, but its greatest days probably lie ahead. Last week surveyors slogged through spring mud to measure Göttingen for a mammoth expansion, at an eventual cost of \$80 million, which will make the university four times as big in area as the Lower Saxony town (pop. 80,000) that gives the school its popular name.

Nine miles west of the Iron Curtain, and soberly aware of it, Göttingen is more a graduate school than a college; its 6,000 coed students study under seven faculties from law to medicine to theology. Typical of its traditions was the 1657 "Göttingen Manifesto"—a high-level protest by 18 nuclear scientists against arming West German forces with atomic weapons. To this spirit of dissent, Göttingen adds West Germany's best mathematics institute, its biggest university library and largest agricultural faculty. So many Afro-Asian students now go there that the town's toy shops stock Negro dolls.

Sausages & Scholars. Göttingen's grandeur goes back to 1736, when Hannover's Elector George August, who also happened to be Britain's King George II, launched the university in a hamlet then so obscure

that his courtiers at first thought he meant Gothenburg in Sweden. To publicize the place, George put the school in charge of an imaginative baron named Von Münchhausen—a cousin of the famous liar. By 1750 it was Germany's most important university.

Göttingen bounced Poet Heinrich Heine, who thought more of the town's sausages than of the university's scholars—but welcomed Prince Otto von Bismarck until debts drove him away. In 1878 it turned out Germany's first female Ph.D.—blue-eyed Dorothea Schlozer, who at 17 overpowered her examiners while decked out in roses and white muslin. By drawing a variety of young Americans, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Göttingen put a German academic stamp on many U.S. universities.

Schöne Jahren. Göttingen's scientific star shone in the early 19th century under Astronomer Carl Gauss, one of the key founders of modern mathematical analysis and hence of modern physics. In the 1920s Physicists Max Born and James Franck taught on Göttingen's Bunsenstrasse, named after Alumnus Robert Bunsen, inventor of the burner.

In those *schöne Jahren* (beautiful years), brilliant minds and crackling chalk-talks lured young scholars like Werner Heisenberg, a future Nobelman who wandered about in lederhosen, and Italy's Enrico Fermi, future U.S. father of the A-bomb. U.S. Physicist Robert Oppenheimer, winner last week of the AEC's Fermi Award (see PEOPLE), got his Ph.D. at Göttingen in 1927. Another Göttingen recruit: Hungary's Edward Teller, future U.S. father of the H-bomb.

The Nazis deprived themselves of all this when they fired Physicist Born for something called "Jewish physics," Franck



FRATERNITY BEER BLAST IN GÖTTINGEN TOWN SQUARE
Work women and nuclear physics

k Times.

THE WEATHER

Any weather
is F-105D
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The Republic F-105D flies every mission in the book: air-to-air, nuclear or conventional bombing, ground strikes to support troops. And it flies them in the blackest of storms, even when ceiling and visibility are so low that you can't tell a tank from a tanker.

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and flight-control gear. All integrated, functioning as a single system, always under the pilot's control.

The F-105D Thunderchief has all of it. *It is the only U.S. military aircraft that does.*

Ask the Air Force pilots who have flown F-105s on over twenty thousand missions through the worst weather European and Pacific skies can boil up.

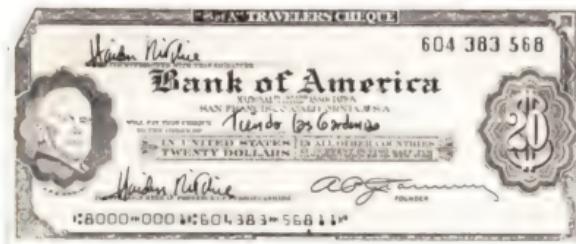
Any weather is F-105D weather.





The lempira is local currency in Honduras.

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Stores in Honduras know **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** just as they do in Italy. And they consider them good as gold. From your point of view they're even better: because they're loss-proof and theft-proof. It's money only you can spend. Sold at banks everywhere in the world.

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eral funds without federal control. Without such a plan, Conant foresees "a patchwork series of decisions about spending federal funds, reached by compromises in Congress between pressure groups. That a sensible, nationwide policy can be developed the way we are now going, I question with all the emphasis I can."

TEACHING Gallic Comic

To Mary Kincaid, an Ann Arbor housewife, it seemed a shame that little boys all around were quitting French classes out of boredom. She herself had minorized in French at the University of Michigan, practiced it in Paris, and developed a passion for French literature. Not long ago, she reread Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* and observed, "Hugo has more adventure than Davy Crockett"—a thought that led



CARTOONIST KINCAID
Les Misérables can be fun.

readily to the idea of putting Hugo into a comic strip.

Amateur Cartoonist Kincaid's *Contes Français* now reaches 1,200 subscribers to five daily newspapers, from the Toledo Blade to the Detroit News. The plot is *Les Misérables*, "adapted to a sixth-grader's interest," and the grammar is passably taxing. Cosette: "Je voudrais aller voir cette cathédrale, père!" Valjean: "Nous irons demain." Admittedly no linguist, Mrs. Kincaid checks each strip with a retired French professor, but so far she has not failed to get an A.

Mrs. Kincaid draws the strip between trips to the washing machine and feeding her three children. Editors fault her draftsmanship but marvel at the apparent hunger for a comic strip that totally shuns English. In Toledo, where grade school French is mandatory, the Blade bought the strip after it discovered that 15,321 third- to sixth-graders were toiling at the tongue. A Toledo school official says that "most of our teachers are using the strip in one way or another." Cartoonist Kincaid now hopes to launch a strip in Spanish, based on *The Barber of Seville*. She draws it; a Spaniard writes it. As yet, she has not learned Spanish—but she will.

How to file taxes for pleasure and profit

For most Americans, April is the time for figuring out how many tax dollars you owe the Government. For a fortunate few, there may even be the prospect of a legitimate refund. But for others, known to the Internal Revenue Service as "multiple filers," April is the time for figuring out how much can be stolen from the government.

This week's **LIFE** explains how highly specialized crooks—using nothing but income tax forms, blank W-2 forms, and phony Social Security numbers—claim infinite deductions on income never earned. Often, they get fat "refunds" from the Government. More often, they get caught.

One man, for example, was nabbed because an IRS clerk noticed that a lot of refund checks were going to the same post office box. It turned out to be the address of a state penitentiary—the temporary residence of the filer.



Whether it's tax dodgers, tax reform, or taxing problems overseas, each week's **LIFE** covers the broad spectrum of ideas and issues that shape the world we live in. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read **LIFE**.





ALL-NEW 92-INCH BBC WEIGHT-SAVING

FLEETSTAR 1900 SERIES 2000

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL SERIES IN THE 50,000-79,000 LB. GCW CLASS THAT'S DESIGNED TO INCREASE PAYLOAD CAPACITY WITHOUT INCREASING YOUR TRUCK COST.

The 92-in. BBC dimension lets you haul square-nosed 40-ft. trailers in 50-ft. legal limit states without sacrificing driver comfort. And the weight-saving design—lightweight chassis components, fiberglass hood and fender



ENGINE CHOICES

All heavy-duty engines to choose from: Three gasoline and five diesel.

PERFECTED ELECTRICAL SYSTEM



der assembly—takes the excess weight out of the tractor so you can put more into the payload.

Everything about the FLEETSTAR is engineered to save you money. The forward-tilling hood and fender assembly makes it easy for the mechanic to get at the engine for fast servicing. Take your choice of eight efficient engines. The roomy conventional cab is planned for peak driver performance.

Many other new features—heat-treated 110,000 psi steel frames that are nearly three times as strong as the cold-rolled type, "piggy-back" parking brakes, extra rust-proofing, and much more—help make the FLEETSTAR a lot of truck for your money. See your nearby INTERNATIONAL Truck Dealer or Branch for a demonstration.

Alternator produces charging current, even while engine is idling, to extend battery life.

Hypalon Wiring Insulation, much more heat-resistant than plastic insulation, is used to reduce possibility of fire.

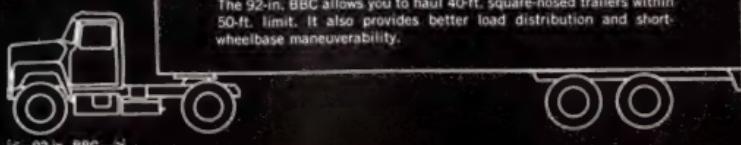
Braided Vinyl-Coated Harness Wrap is much stronger, more durable and heat-resistant than cotton braided or tape-wrapped wiring harnesses.

12-volt Starting Motor is standard even on diesels. Because there are no 24-volt requirements, no series-parallel switch or complicated wiring are needed.



Look how that lightweight hood and fender assembly tilts forward for "walk-up and stand-up" servicing.

More driver comfort comes from fully adjustable seat, flat-angle steering wheel, convenient gear shift, easy-to-read instruments, all-around visibility.



The 92-in. BBC allows you to haul 40-ft. square-nosed trailers within 50-ft. limit. It also provides better load distribution and short-wheelbase maneuverability.

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The Wall Street district during the market collapse of 1929. New England Life was then in its 95th year.



If you were born in 1929

The cash value in a New England Life policy can really build up for you. And so can the policy's benefits.

Is it really all of 34 years since The Crash? In 1929, the year you were born, the unique advantages of cash-value life insurance were forcefully brought home to millions of Americans.

In recent months we have again been reminded that there is only one sure way to give your family financial protection while you're setting money aside for education, for emergencies, or for your own retirement. And, the way cash values build up in a New England Life policy, you can end up taking several thousand dollars more out than you put in, even if you choose

to use your dividends to buy additional protection automatically.

Suppose you add \$15,000 to your financial security today with a New England Life policy. Then assume you let your dividends increase this amount through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$14,621. But your premium payments total only \$10,621. This means that all the dollars you put in are \$3,452 more than yours to use at retirement. Meantime, through using

dividends to buy additional protection, the policy's value to your beneficiary has risen from \$15,000 to \$21,915.

Whether you were born in 1929 or not, tell us to mail you our booklet, "The Three Dimensions of Life Insurance." It will give you additional facts and figures. Write Dept. T-2, 501 Boylston Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE

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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Taking Stock

It was the most sweeping investigation of the stock market in 22 years, and Wall Street was plainly apprehensive. Despite all the evidence of better business conditions, the market had been stalled for nine weeks (though at a comfortably high level), and many put down its sluggishness to fear of a tough report from the Securities and Exchange Commission. Last week, as the first third of the highly secret document came out in five volumes and 2,600 pages, weighing 12 pounds, Wall Street's professionals were relieved by its sure mildness.

Said SEC Chairman William L. Cary: "It is not a picture of pervasive fraudulent activity." With that, the Dow-Jones average of 30 key industrial stocks rose 24.7 points in the 23 trading sessions after the report's release, reaching 702.43, its highest level in a year. For all the relief, however, no one could afford to overlook an important fact that Chairman Cary had also noted: "Grave abuses do occur, and additional controls and improvements are much needed."

Obviously, the SEC has been mindful too that—in an area so crucial to the economy and so sensitive to cross winds—unconsidered judgments and overstatements could have wide repercussions. In the great postwar bull market, Wall Street had become the common man's Monte Carlo. Between 1945 and 1961, the army of investors tripled to 17 million, and the value of listed stocks increased 400%. The New York Stock Exchange, which accounts for 71% of all trading in listed shares, has outgrown its famed disheveled trading floor and now plans a much larger exchange by the water's edge near Manhattan's tip. All the while that stocks kept going up, up, up, few of the millions

involved had many worries. But after reports of rigging hit the smaller American Stock Exchange in 1961, the SEC decided that the time had come to take a thorough look at the whole securities business, and it stepped up its activities in 1962 when the bull market ended and stocks took a dive.

late hours. The SEC's evidence of grave abuses was gleaned with extraordinary care and effort. For 17 months Study Chairman Milton H. Cohen, 51, a reflective Chicago lawyer, rarely took a day off, frequently put in 110-hour weeks. Many of his 62 staffers fanned over the U.S. to interview hundreds of brokers, exchange officials and ordinary investors. The SEC sent out meticulously intimate questionnaires to 360 trading specialists and 600 member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, 800 members of regional exchanges, 2,000 companies whose stocks are traded over the counter, 5,000 broker-dealers who handle "unlisted" shares, and more than 1,000 pension funds, insurance companies and other publicly owned firms.

What the investigators turned up produced some significant and far-reaching indictments of certain practices in the securities business:

- Some companies give only the scantiest information to stockholders. Unlike companies listed on stock exchanges, an estimated 25% of the nation's 14,000 over-the-counter companies do not make regular reports to stockholders on sales, earnings and trading by insiders. The SEC wants to apply to them—and to banks and insurance companies as well—the same disclosure regulations that apply to exchange stocks.
- Many securities salesmen are trained only poorly, if at all. More than half the chiefs of new brokerages set up in 1961 had no experience in the field. One example: Robert Martin, son of a rich textileman, at 22 bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange in 1962 and proceeded to violate a batch of regulations before the exchange finally "advised" him to sell his seat in 1961. Requested by the SEC: new laws to set up minimum standards of knowledge for salesmen and financing for new firms, and the power to discipline and perhaps fine them when necessary.
- Many investment advisers are "irresponsible." Some market letters glowingly recommended shares in companies nearing bankruptcy, often drawing their false data from other misinforming tout sheets. Recommendation: tougher surveillance of market letters by stock exchanges and dealer organizations.
- Even the biggest and most reputable of brokerage houses were at times extremely careless. Proceeding on only scant and unchecked information, branches of Merrill Lynch and Shearson, Hammill & Co.



WALTER BONNELL

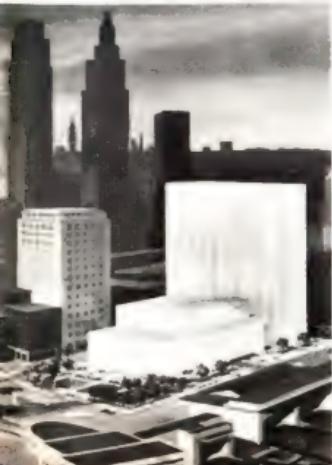
SEC's COHEN & CARY
A warning wrist slap for the inadvertent

among others, pushed some high-flying glamour issues that soon collapsed. Among them: Aquafilter, U.S. Automatic Merchandising Corp.

• Some publicity men and newspaper, magazine and broadcast journalists were carefully cultivated by companies, usually by receiving allotments of hard-to-get "hot" new issues that went up in price just after coming out. Certain financial journalists used their positions of special knowledge and power to profit in the market.

• A considerable number of public relations men artificially pumped up their employer's or client's stock by issuing fantasy announcements of expected earnings, mergers, new products. In one case an extremely optimistic claim that Chemtree Corp. had developed a shield against radiation fallout sent its stock up from \$30 to \$60 within a month. The SEC study proposed a new law to make "intentional or reckless dissemination of false and misleading statements" subject to stockholder damage suits and jail terms.

• Some public relations men profited directly from trading in shares of client companies, a practice frowned on by the SEC because the public may not be aware that the "information which it receives

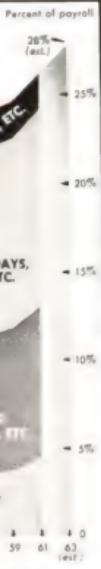


PROPOSED NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

• SEC investigators found that the stock market's small Long Island firm called Technical Applications, Inc. had dumped immediately after the appearance of a story on the company in TIME on April 28, 1961. They discovered that Joseph Purcell, then business editor of TIME, had bought 100 shares of the stock shortly before and sold 100 shares shortly after the article appeared. SEC investigation also showed that Purcell had acted similarly in some 50 other cases during the last four of his 12 years as business editor. TIME did not know of these activities when Purcell was dismissed for unsatisfactory performance in 1961. His transactions were contrary to TIME Inc.'s long-standing policy against staff members profiting from special information

Fringe Benefits

Chamber of Commerce
51 selected companies



Time: (Chart by J. Donigan)

comes from an interested source." The SEC added that "the most active trader among public relations men" was Jerry Finkelstein, president of now defunct Tex McCrary, Inc., who, among other deals in clients' stock, made \$2,100,000 trading in Universal Controls, Inc.

Sure to Lobby Hard. While Wall Street professionals generally applauded the report, banks, insurance companies and other big unlisted firms are sure to lobby hard against the commission's attempts to put them under the full-disclosure, proxy-reporting and insider-regulations. Some sort of legislation by Congress is almost certain to emerge from the SEC's investigation. By the end of next month, the SEC will release nine final chapters examining the mutual fund industry, self-regulation, last May's market break, credit and margin buying, and several other subjects. The Senate Banking Committee plans hearings on the entire SEC report, and so does the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. The SEC's full report is likely to be heard from for a long time to come.

LABOR

That Extra Something

Unemployment melted surprisingly in March and made the biggest drop in four years, from 6.1% to 5.6% of the labor force. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz took little satisfaction from the new statistics. "My feeling," he said, "is about what it would be if somebody's temperature dropped back from 104° to 103°." U.S.

labor leaders are in fervent agreement with Wirtz, and their current pattern of contract negotiations is calculated to create jobs by spreading out the available work.

In contract talks opening this week, rubber workers will push tire manufacturers for paid leaves, ranging upward from two months off after seven years' work. The United Steelworkers' big drive will be for three-month sabbaticals every five years after 15 years' service. In Detroit, Walter Reuther has already pressed the automakers to start studying his requests for greater job security in next year's contract. Stymied in its drive for a 35-hour share-the-work week, labor has turned its efforts to winning bigger and better fringe benefits.

Out of Oklahoma! Fringe benefits became popular in World War II, when the Government's freeze on wages inspired labor-hungry companies to create other inducements; fringes probably got their name as extra trimmings from *Oklahoma!*'s catchy 1943 song, *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. While wages and salaries have about doubled since 1948, fringes have more than quadrupled, to some \$58 billion yearly. They now amount to more than 20% of U.S. industry's payroll costs. Some companies now pay so much of their labor costs in extras that they consider "fringe" benefits a misnomer.

Better than 90% of the nation's blue-collar workers enjoy company-supported health and welfare plans. Besides paying for unemployment insurance and chipping in their share of social security, hundreds of companies now pay up to half of employee life-insurance and medical-plan costs. Also common are a host of fringes that were considered visionary or radical only a dozen years ago: regular three-week vacations, eight or more paid holidays a year, severance pay, company-financed college courses, moving allowances for transferred employees, and layoff benefits that bring payments up to 80% of base wages. Even more liberal extras range from the country clubs for workers provided by Burroughs Corp. and IBM to haircuts for employees of Detroit's Maxon advertising agency and psychiatric care (\$2 a visit) for California Retail Clerks and their dependents.

More Than Cash. Both labor and management agree that fringes have advantages over cash. Workers save two ways: they get tax breaks on most fringes, also get health and insurance plans at wholesale group rates instead of retail individual rates. And since employees think twice before giving up such benefits, Kroger Co. Chairman Joseph B. Hall reports that "fringes have cut down our labor turnover." Management also prefers fringes because straight cash raises add automatically to the cost of overtime, incentive and vacation pay. Both sides agree that the voluntary payment of fringes has slowed down inflation, headed off higher social-welfare taxes such as are common in Europe and educated workers in the merits of savings, insurance and regular health care.

Fringes are steadily taking more of the

negotiating package, but the common notion that they amount to something for nothing for the workers is contradicted by Commerce Department statistics. They come in lieu of wage increases. Fringe benefits have increased from 3% to 6% of the value of corporate output since 1948, while wages have slipped by 3%. One union leader recently boasted of negotiating an insurance plan that would cost a big eastern company \$100,000 a year—but failed to note that it would probably mean \$100,000 less in merit raises, because few companies are willing to increase overall labor costs at the expense of profits and dividends. At Lockheed Aircraft, officials figure that rest periods and coffee breaks cost 12¢ an hour, which otherwise could flow into wages.

Running a Risk. The drive for fringes at the expense of take-home pay goes on. As they go into contract negotiations major unions now have their eyes on longer vacations, shorter weeks and more holidays. Unions also want "portable pensions" that permit workers to change employers and still keep their benefits, as some construction workers, boilermakers, teamsters and sailors already can do. One goal, says Al Whitehouse, the Steelworkers' Cincinnati district chief, "is to get pensions up to the same level that a man makes when he is working." Such extremes have brought a pay situation in Europe, in which fringes run from 35% to 50% as much as wages—but the wages, by U.S. standards, are modest.

CORPORATIONS

Fortune in Facsimile

At a time when most of the glamour stocks have lost their charm, a company with the distinctive name of Xerox still holds on to its appeal. Xerox owes all of its astonishing market success to a complicated, desk-sized machine prosaically called the 914 Office Copier. There is nothing prosaic about what the 914 does: without muss, fuss, delay or extensive training



INSPECTING SELENIUM DRUM
Creating a new future.

of an operator, it makes copies on ordinary paper of almost anything that will fit on its 9-in. by 14-in. plate—including a child's doll. Last week, thanks to the 914, Xerox stock closed at \$17.50 a share, roughly 40 times the company's \$3.50 share earnings in 1962.

Name Changes. The 914 is the result of a long-range, \$20 million gamble by scholarly Xerox President Joseph Wilson, 53. When Xerox (then called the Haloid Co.) came out of World War II, it was a producer of photographic and photocopy papers and machines with annual sales of \$6,750,000 and an uninspiring future. Wilson decided to create a new future by betting all on a new process called xerography (derived from Greek and meaning dry writing), which showed promise of reproducing papers and documents without the standard need for chemical developing. He bought some of the rights to xerography from Battelle Memorial Institute, a non-profit industrial research organization that had helped its inventor, New York Patent Attorney Chester Carlson, develop the process.

After years of work in the lab to improve the process, the company finally began to market a crude copying machine in 1950, but sales were disappointing. Changing its name to Haloid Xerox Inc., the company kept working on improvements and in 1960 introduced the 914. It was an immediate hit, and Xerox's sales began a spectacular climb, rising from \$31.7 million in 1959 to \$104.5 million last year. Earnings rose from \$2,100,000 to \$13.9 million. "In 1963," says Wilson, "we believe that over 5.3 billion pictures will be made on the 914, and each picture brings Xerox an income of about 5¢."

When the 914 came out, there was already a host of smaller office copiers for sale. Evanston's American Photocopy Equipment Co. and Eastman Kodak Co., with its Verifax dominated the "wet copying" field, which uses chemical developers; Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. had its fast-selling Thermo-Fax, a dry method that uses heat from an infra-red lamp to form an image on specially coated papers. But the Xerox machine had a special appeal. It is a dry method that needs no chemicals, can duplicate anything from

grease pencil to ballpoint pen, though it is more successful in copying type than photographs. The 914 makes copies by projecting the image of the original document or object onto an electrostatically charged drum coated with a sensitive element called metallic selenium. The machine automatically sprinkles the drum with a black powder that adheres to the dark portions of the image; the drum then rolls the powder onto the paper which is also electrostatically charged. A quick blast of heat fixes the powder permanently to the paper.

Respectful Distance. Xerox's profits are big because it costs the company only \$100 to make each 914, which rents for an average \$8,000 a year (rates: \$95 monthly and 3.5% for every copy over 2,000). American Photocopy, SCM Corp., and Charles Bruning Co. now sell rival electrostatic copiers, but they require special papers. Xerox (which dropped the Haloid from its name in 1961) will come out with a smaller, desk-top 813 dry copier next fall (probable rent: \$40 a month). It is developing a machine to apply xerography to facsimile transmission of documents by radio waves. Though Wilson expects the demand for the 914 to begin to slacken after mid-1963, he counts on the company's 550 patents and 375 pending patents to keep competition at a respectful distance.

INDUSTRY

The Comeback of Coal

Some 760 billion tons of coal still lie beneath the U.S., and for a while it looked as if most of it might stay there. But persistent rumors of the coal industry's death, brought on by its own inefficiency and the threat of oil and gas, proved to be premature. Last week, as the National Coal Policy Conference met in Washington, coal company executives happily surveyed their expanding markets. It would have seemed absurd only a few years ago, but now they are expected to double their annual production by the end of the century, to 1 billion tons. The prediction was equally pleasing to another hard-pressed U.S. industry, the railroads, who have teamed up with coal in a partnership that is brightening both their futures.

Lower Rates. Automation has increased coal's efficiency vastly, more than doubling the miner's daily output, to 12 tons. Cheaper residual oil has hurt coal but failed to take away all its markets. Atomic energy, coal's glamorous bugaboo, has turned out to be more expensive than expected, and seems no serious threat for the immediate future. And with the use of electricity in the U.S. rising about 7% a year, electric utilities last year used a record 192 million tons of coal's 420-million-ton production. But nothing has helped coal so much as the determination of the railroads not to lose their \$1 billion annual coal business.

When utilities started building right on the coal fields—because it was cheaper to transmit electricity than to ship coal—and when the coal industry itself began

The Market's Up— The Market's Down

Both those generalities have a built-in fallacy that any investor will do well to remember.

What most people usually mean when they make either comment is that some "average" of selected stock prices has gone up or down during the day, or during the past three or four days.

But, and that's a mighty big *but*, there are more than 1100 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone . . .

Plus another 900 on the American Stock Exchange . . .

And perhaps 40,000 or more over-the-counter stocks that can be bought and sold by the public.

So how can the action of a relatively few selected issues possibly dictate what you should do about *your* stocks?

Instead of "stock market" we've always preferred "market of stocks."

What's more we've never seen the day when all stocks moved together—up or down.

And we've never seen the day either when sound opportunities to buy couldn't be found despite the performance of the "averages." Or the day that certain securities shouldn't be held despite temporary decreases in price.

In a word, we're saying that any decision *you* make regarding stocks you own or stocks you might buy should never depend on "market up—market down" generalities. Fundamentally, they should be based on current facts regarding the outlook for specific industries, specific companies, and specific stocks only as they may have bearing on *your* individual circumstances, *your* particular reasons for investing.

And when it comes to supplying such facts—or telling you just what they seem to add up to—our help is yours for the asking.

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—actual comment from Survey

*Unknown to Continental Airlines operating personnel, Dun & Bradstreet's trained researchers flew 68,382 miles over our routes. They checked every phase of our passenger service. The above finding is part of their report.

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to talk of laying coal pipelines^o to cut transporting costs, the railroads got busy improving their service. They modernized their equipment, studied the needs of the coal industry, began running fast, "unitized" freights of coal straight from mine to market, thus cutting much of the yard operations and interchanges that account for one-third the cost of all freight-car movements on eastern railroads. The eastern carriers only a month ago passed on their savings by cutting coal freight rates by a third, enabling coal companies to reduce delivery prices by 15%. In the first month after the railroads reduced their



REAL V. SLAUGHTER
Norfolk & Western's Pier 6
Slurry roused the rails.

rates. Pittston Coal, the nation's third largest producer, picked up new orders for 2,000,000 tons.

Better Blends. A good example of the coal-rail partnership is the Norfolk & Western, which runs coal directly to port out of the rich Appalachian fields. In operation at Hampton Roads is the first of two units of N. & W.'s \$25 million coal Pier 6, the world's largest coal-loading facility. Its huge conveyor belts are capable of carrying coal to ships at a maximum rate of 10,000 tons an hour. Among other modern improvements, the pier also custom-blends coal for customers, not unlike a careful mixing of Turkish and Virginia tobaccos: giant rotary dumpers empty four railroad gondolas simultaneously, and within minutes electronically mix the different coals into a desired blend.

With all this sudden attention to its needs, the coal industry has just about abandoned its interest in building the once promising slurry pipelines. The industry actually got around to building only one, but the mere threat of building more was enough to get it what it wanted from the railroads.

^o Which carry a slurry of coal and water.



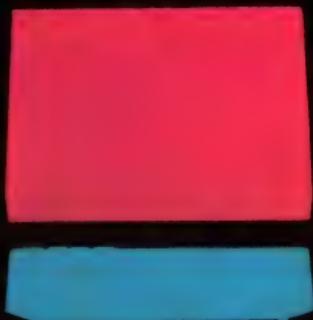
BERMUDA

A way to live and a happy one

Loafing has a special flavour in Bermuda, whether in a secluded garden setting or on the softest pink sandy beach imaginable. For golf there are four champion courses and two interesting nine-hole, all-weather courts for tennis. Have fun skindiving, water-skiing, fishing for big ones or surfcasting. You'll enjoy the old town of St. George or shopping where you have the best to choose from. At night, you can dine and dance to

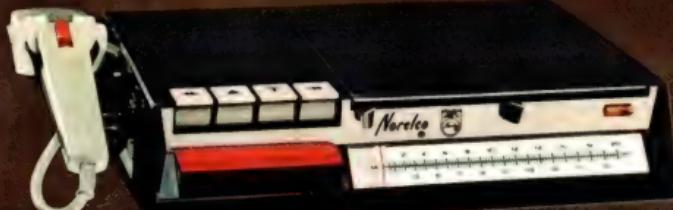


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Workers for peace win little glory. Yet they, too, fight battles for freedom with knowledge and skill. Right now, over 5,000 Peace Corps volunteers are in the field, but thousands more are needed to meet mounting requests. How do you enlist more volunteers? The ABC Owned Radio Stations proposed a public service recruitment drive to the Peace Corps. Working together, they conducted a campaign in which Peace Corps Director R. Sargent Shriver and many prominent educators and personalities gave freely of their time and

talent. The results? More than 3,500 listeners wrote our stations for information and applications and the Peace Corps reported inquiries more than doubled. While no one knows how many will become volunteers, only 1% of the 3,500 persons writing our stations could fulfill some country's entire needs. We are proud of this significant response that came from listeners of the six ABC Owned Radio Stations.

ABC OWNED RADIO STATIONS



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WRITE: Commercial Credit Company, Baltimore 2, Maryland for copies of our 51st Annual Report.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1962 ACTIVITIES

	1962
GROSS INCOME	\$ 230 747 482
NET INCOME:	
Net income before interest and discount charges	\$ 125 612 598
Interest and discount charges	66 582 405
Net income from current operations, before taxes	\$ 59 030 193
United States and Canadian income taxes	25 809 404
Net income credited to earned surplus	\$ 33 220 789
Common shares outstanding at end of period	10 632 987
Net income per share on common stock	\$2.96
Dividends paid per share	\$1.60
RESERVES:	
Reserve for losses on receivables	\$ 25 449 653
Unearned income on instalment receivables	144 362 034
Unearned premiums—Insurance Companies	32 538 754
Available for credit to future operations	\$ 202 350 441
Operations shown separately are, briefly:	
FINANCE COMPANIES:	
Gross Receivables acquired	\$4 479 791 586
Receivables outstanding December 31	
Motor retail	\$ 678 306 095
Farm equipment, mobile homes and other retail	385 394 805
Loan receivables	297 480 363
Motor wholesale	191 233 610
Factoring open accounts, leases, other wholesale notes and mortgages	572 965 605
Sundry (principally unclassified items)	\$2 125 380 478
Total	7 628 343
Net income of Finance Companies	\$ 21 740 130
INSURANCE COMPANIES:	
Written premiums, prior to reinsurance	\$ 41 769 895
Earned premiums	38 835 835
Net income (including non-consolidated life insurance companies)	10 569 400
MANUFACTURING COMPANIES:	
Net sales	\$ 129 370 877
Net income	911 259

WORLD BUSINESS

EUROPE

Corporate Clams

Though the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission wants some American firms to disclose more than they do about themselves, U.S. business is an open book by European standards. In Europe corporate secrecy is not only a way of life but a game of wits aimed at confounding competitors, confusing authorities and keeping the public uninformed. With few exceptions, European companies report neither their total sales nor their true profits, and go to lengths to conceal their actual assets and holdings in subsidiaries.

Six Lines. Most European businesses began in family secrecy, and as they grew bigger still kept a family attitude toward such outsiders as shareholders and the public. Especially in France and Italy, fear of the tax collector is so obsessive that businessmen avoid even being photographed lest they come to the collector's notice. There is also a belief that disclosure of profits only encourages unions to ask for more money. Officers of European firms make themselves and their plants as inaccessible as possible. France's firemaking Michelin, perhaps the world's most secretive company, boasts that it has never allowed a journalist or a press photographer into its plant. Luxembourg's huge Arbed firm, within whose château-like headquarters few outsiders have ever ventured, will hardly do more than admit that it makes steel.

Often, companies seem to vie with one another in revealing as few facts as possible. They produce almost uniformly uninformative annual reports; the annual report of the Artois brewery, Belgium's biggest, consists of just six lines, which do not even tell what products the company handles. The huge Solvay chemicals trust refuses to give the exact number of its plants, and Munich's Löwenbräu holds back from publishing its annual output (24 million gal.). Others delay what figures they do publish: Switzerland's Frisia oil company has just got around to publishing its 1961 report—showing a loss

that amounts to nearly half its share capital.

Docile Shareholders. Many companies, of course, hold annual meetings—but with a difference. French companies go out of their way to keep shareholders away, often hold meetings in awkward places or pick a time when nobody wants to come, such as the day before Bastille Day. Britain's car-making Jaguar recently whizzed through an annual meeting in just nine minutes. Docile shareholders often do not bother to attend meetings, and proxy fights are rare indeed.

When they have to publish figures, companies have numerous devices for juggling or obscuring them. One Brussels bank lists the value of its 24-story headquarters at 20. And though Germany's automaking Daimler-Benz reported a \$10 million net profit for 1961, German financial experts reckon on the basis of its taxes that its actual earnings were nearer to \$50 million. This lack of reliable information scares small European investors away from investing in European stocks and is a chief reason why Europe has failed to develop a capital market. As a result, instead of turning to the public for funds, European companies must turn to the banks, which often demand a voice in the company's management.

There are a few faint signs of change. Both France and Germany have enacted fuller-disclosure laws, and the increasing number of European firms listing their shares in the U.S. requires them to produce a few more details. But the corporate clam is still Europe's most familiar business product.

FRANCE

Supermarkets on the Seine

Shopping the French way can be a long day's journey from the corner *épicerie*, past sidewalk stalls to the butcher, the baker and the wine merchant. Small shopkeepers still do 85% of France's retail business, but the prudent, finicky and habitual French are rapidly succumbing



PRISUNIC'S GUEDEN
But lunch still takes two hours.

to a thoroughly un-Gallic habit: one-stop shopping à l'Américaine. The pioneer and fastest-growing example of the trend is Prisunic (One-Price), the Continent's largest retail chain and a sort of bouillabaisse of the U.S. five-and-dime store, the discount house and the supermarket. In Prisunic's 304 stores, shoppers avidly fill their carts with blue jeans and bras-sières, meat and mushrooms, toys and tools—while canned music wafts across crowded aisles, pretty girls demonstrate how to cook frozen foods, and cash registers tinkle at busy check-out counters.

Withering Comment. Prisunic got started back in 1931 as a frank copy of Woolworth's, became popular with working-class families but not with chic Parisians, whose most withering comment on a shoddy garment was, "That must come from Prisunic." The chain lifted its sights after World War II and spied a better market. As the American self-service idea began to catch on in Europe, Prisunic opened its own large *supermarchés*. Today it operates 270 stores in France and 34 in former French possessions, employs 15,000 people, and last year surged above \$200 million in annual sales.

Prisunic owns no factories but stocks its shelves with more than 60 house labels that account for 90% of all its merchandise. To get products to label as its own, Prisunic's centralized buying agency roams far and near for deals, bringing back Italian sweaters (one of the best sellers) and Red Chinese tablecloths. Yugoslavia canned tuna and Cuban canned lobster. About 45% of Prisunic's sales are in clothing and housewares, the rest in food.

Whatever the source of its products, Prisunic usually sells them well below other popular brands, intends eventually to remove even the few outside brands it now permits on its shelves. The chain's own Scotch, Black Swan, sells for \$4.50 a



ARBED STEEL'S HEADQUARTERS IN LUXEMBOURG
Annual meeting in nine minutes.

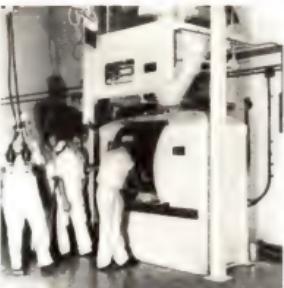
fifth v. \$5.60 for Johnnie Walker Red Label. To undersell Nescafé instant coffee (43¢-46¢), Prisunic imported a Dutch blend, slapped on its own label and a 40¢ price tag. "Our aim," says General Manager Jacques Guéden, 52, "is the same as that of American discount houses—to undersell small-store competitors."

Out of the Spigot. The success of Prisunic and similar chain-store competition has helped to force 34,000 small French businessmen out of business in the past decade, has also angered major manufacturers whose products they undersell. The French are glad of the price saving and the convenience, but they are reluctant to give up all their marketing traditions even for Prisunic. Most Prisunic shoppers still insist on scrutinizing their meat without any of that cellophane around it, having their choice from an impressive selection of France's 300 varieties of cheese, and buying their Prisunic *vin rouge* (usually from Algeria or the Midi) right out of the spigot (25¢ a bottle). And, efficiency or not, many Prisunic stores close down promptly at 12:15 for the usual two-hour lunch.

INVESTMENT

The Profitable Do-Go-Over

While the U.S. Congress debates the limitations of foreign aid, a private U.S. firm is boldly helping to develop more than two dozen nations with an unorthodox but simple philosophy: do-gooding and profit-making are not incompatible. The firm is the International Basic Economy Corp., and its proud proprietor is none other than New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Next week, reporting on its 15th year of operation, IBEC (pronounced eye-beck) will announce earnings of about \$2,000,000 on last year's revenues



IBEC BAKERY IN VENEZUELA
Also feeding the capital-starved.

of \$92 million. That is a \$1,000,000 come-down from 1961's earnings but, considering what IBEC is and where it operates, it is still an extraordinary performance.

Cheaper Pasta. Rockefeller's IBEC has set itself the task of feeding, clothing and sheltering a good part of the underdeveloped world. To that end, it has invested in ventures that range from manufacturing silk in Bangkok to baking bagels in Caracas. By undercutting inefficient corner grocers, IBEC supermarkets have brought down prices for pasta in Italy and beefsteak in Argentina by 20% to 50%. A personal appeal to Nelson Rockefeller in 1949 brought IBEC into Puerto Rico, where it has alleviated a housing shortage and introduced mass building methods, putting up 8,749 one-family houses that sell for \$6,000 each. Beating into backwater towns of Argentina, Chile, Brazil and Colombia to teach the vagaries of "people's capitalism," IBEC stock salesmen have built up flourishing mutual funds, opened fresh sources of money for

capital-starved Latin American companies and slowed the drive toward nationalization by spreading public share ownership.

Started in 1947 by Nelson Rockefeller, whose concern with Latin America stems from his family's interest in Creole Petroleum in Venezuela, IBEC at first seemed like just another Rockefeller charity. Nervous currencies, revolving governments and IBEC's own ambitions to do too much too soon left it with losses during its first ten years. The company lost \$800,000 on a military-housing job in Iraq after rebels skewed Strongman Nuri as-Said in 1958 and forced IBEC out. It lost another \$6,000,000 on ambitious farming, fishing and food wholesaling ventures in Venezuela because of a small market and a creaky distribution system, until it decided to put up supermarkets there. It has become Venezuela's biggest food retailer.

Profit with Honor. Though Rockefeller left the everyday management after he became New York Governor in 1959, he and his immediate family still own a majority of IBEC shares, and his brothers and sister own most of the rest. The company is now run by Robert Purcell, 51, former head of Investors Diversified Services, whose favorite private investment is his half interest in the racing yacht *Nefertiti*, an America's Cup aspirant. Purcell has guided the company into heavy manufacturing; it now makes hydraulic and pneumatic equipment in France, West Germany and England, auto parts in Venezuela and three-wheeled trucks in Spain. IBEC's usual operation is to use local talent (only 21 of its 7,500 employees abroad are Americans), sell large shares of its subsidiaries to local investors, and show them how to make a profit. "We don't accomplish anything if we have losses," says Purcell. "I'll be disappointed if we don't earn \$5,000,000 next year."

PERSONAL FILE

• "He was born accident-prone and money-prone." A friend thus describes **Eduardo Barreiros Rodríguez**, 43, the chain-smoking Spanish industrialist who, in partnership with Gulf Oil, is busy building a network of 500 auto service stations across Spain. As a struggling mechanic in the provinces, Barreiros lost four fingers in mishaps. But in 15 years, he parlayed his family auto repair shop into a \$670 million industrial empire (diesel engines, machinery, electrical equipment) that ranks among Spain's six largest private enterprises. Barreiros has just signed a contract to produce diesel engines, trucks and tractors in Colombia. He still lives in a modest apartment and sticks to his simple success formula: "Produce more to make more money, so you can buy more machinery to produce even more."

• To mild-mannered **Toshio Inoue**, 62, chairman of the Tokyo Stock Exchange, there was was nothing inscrutable about last week's dizzy stock-buying spurge in Japan. Said Inoue, unruffled: "The bull market is here to stay for some time, and considering the circumstances, I believe it is natural." After a long career in banking—he was vice governor of the Bank of Japan before becoming exchange chairman in 1961—Inoue himself had a hand in one of the most immediate circumstances causing the market's hyperactivity. As he advised, the government lifted all restrictions on the repatriation of



BARREIROS



INOUE



LEBER

investments in Japanese securities by foreigners, one of the necessary steps toward full Japanese membership in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development.

• With hands that are calloused from bricklaying yet adept at painting, **Georg Leber**, 42, chairman of West Germany's 450,000-man construction workers' union, recently signed a labor contract new in German industry. Instead of the usual one-year term and flat wage increase, it runs two years and pegs wage rises to estimated growth in national product and the cost of living. Other German unions are howling about the potential loss of bargaining power, but Leber's own well-paid workers seem happy. Leber, a Social Democratic Deputy, brings to labor relations a new style of social partnership, always moving, as associates describe his tactics, "in a framework of economic possibilities."



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MILESTONES

Divorced. Lindsay Crosby, 25, youngest of Bing's four grown-up boys; by Barbara Fredrickson Crosby (a former Las Vegas showgirl; on grounds of cruelty; after three years of marriage; one son in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By James Arness, 39, towering (191 hands) horse opera star (*Gunsmoke*); Virginia Chapman Arness, 41, who lost the custody of their two children to Arness (she charged she was unfit to raise them; had last month allowed their 12-year-old daughter to drink, causing the girl to be hospitalized with acute alcohol poisoning); after 14 years of marriage, five of separation; in Los Angeles.

Died. Georgy Maximovich Pushkin, 54, a Russian diplomat currently ranked as a deputy foreign minister, whose list of achievements includes the efficient Communization of Hungary (as ambassador from 1945 to 1949) and East Germany (as head of the Soviet Diplomatic Mission from 1950 to 1952 and ambassador from 1954 to 1958); of a heart attack; in Moscow.

Died. Daniel Joseph Mahoney, 73, craggy, quick-tongued publisher of the Miami News, who started his newspaper career in Ohio, then went to Florida where in 1923 he had bought the News for his father-in-law. Newspaper Owner James M. Cox, and proceeded to make life uncomfortable for Miami's race-track racketeers and expose the city's corrupt "termite administration" in 1938 (for which the News won a Pulitzer Prize); of injuries suffered in the explosion of an anesthetic (cyclopropane) during an operation for lung cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. The Very Rev. Terence Stephen McDermott, 76, only American ever to head Roman Catholicism's Dominican Order of Friars Preachers, an Iow-born priest who served for an unprecedented 25 years (from 1930 to 1955) as provincial of the Dominicans' St. Joseph Province, which covers the Eastern U.S., was named in 1954 to a nine-month interim term as the order's vicar-general in Rome; in Manhattan.

Died. General Sir Harold Edmund Franklyn, 77, commander of Britain's beleaguered 5th Division in France in 1940 whose gallant attack with his badly outnumbered forces at Arras so alarmed the German High Command that it delayed the Nazi advance, thereby giving the British 24 extra hours during the retreat to Dunkirk; of a heart attack; in Newbury Berkshire.

Died. Percival Huntington Whaley, 82, founder and editor (from 1918 to 1957) of the "Whaley-Eaton American Letter," first of the commercial newsletters that now flow out of Washington; of pulmonary emphysema; in Washington, D.C.



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ROYAL

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NOBODY BATS 1.000: Babe Ruth poled 714 homers—a feat that will be honored so long as baseball is played. But in achieving it the Babe also struck out 1330 times. Striking out occasionally is part of life. But how can you hope to hit home runs unless you keep swinging? Success never crowns those afraid to try. ■ In only 18 years Tennessee Gas Transmission Company has become a major supplier of natural gas to the nation's electric power and petrochemicals. We think you'll agree that's a home run.



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CINEMA

The Last of the War Horses

Miracle of the White Stallions. "My kingdom for a horse!" cried Richard III at Bosworth Field. He probably meant a Spanish horse. Some of the finest war horses of the Renaissance were derived from a mixture of Spanish and Arab stock, and in 1565 Maximilian II of Austria made military news of some magnitude when he imported a string of steel-white Spanish steeds to his estate at Lipizza. In 1735 the Spanish Riding School was established in Vienna to train the finest Lipizzan stallions in the classic battle tactics devised by a French riding master named Antoine Pluvine. Bona-partes and Habsburgs came and went. The horse itself became obsolete as a weapon of war. But in its great white temple, the great white breed, serving like a race of priests the cult of equitation, continued serenely in its rituals and would so continue: the Viennese assumed until the Danube itself had dried to dust.

Then came Hitler. By 1945, when this Walt Disney picture begins, Allied bombs are bursting in the courtyard of the academy and Russian columns are rushing toward Vienna. The Lipizzan stallions stand in mortal peril, but the Führer refuses to let them leave the city—the move might be interpreted as an admission of defeat. Colonel Alois Podhajsky (Robert Taylor), commandant of the academy, rebelliously hornsnaps his own herd, ships it to safety in an isolated village. So much for the stallions, but what about the Lipizzan mares? They are prancing through Bohemia like a bunch of damn foals, and the Russians are sure to rustle them unless General Patton rapidly develops some horse sense.

He does, of course, and in the grand finale the stallions return to Vienna for a stunning display of dressage. Each of these magnificent animals is an equine Nijinsky, and each negotiates with ele-

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A big guy like you afraid of a little woman? Relax. Schrafft's will protect you. You don't need any more courage to take the wife to Schrafft's than to any other fine supper club... so long as it's one of the special Schrafft's rooms that caters to the dinner crowd. Like the Walnut Room in the Schrafft's at Third Avenue & 47th. Panel-

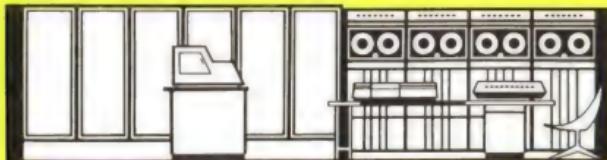
led walls. Carpeting so thick a small wife could get lost. Candlelight. Hearty portions. Gracious service. Romance (you'll have to supply your own). It's enough to stop a woman's nagging for weeks. Schrafft's Walnut Room is a great dinner spot. So's the Colonial Room in the Schrafft's at 5th & 46th, and the Columbus Room in Schrafft's

at 220 West 57th St. And if you miss the opening curtain, it's your own fault. Our people hustle without your even noticing it. So, the next time your wife comes into town to meet you, take her to dinner at Schrafft's. We haven't lost a husband yet. But then again, we don't know your wife.

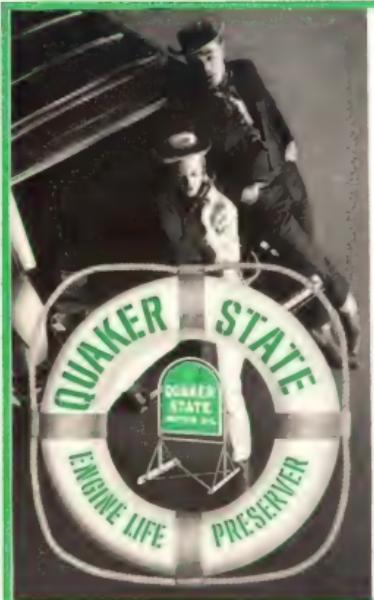
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There's a little bit of chicken in all of us

One big trouble with being chicken is that you can wind up with nothing much to crow about. Consider, for example, the job of picking a computer. If you back off from the computer you honestly think is best and pick another one just because you think it's "safe", you're not doing yourself or your company (or us) any good. So be hard-nosed about it. Get plenty of facts from plenty of makers. Ask about performance. Ask about service. Ask about software. Ask about programming. Ask about training schools. Ask about delivery. Ask about Honeywell. We're eager to match our product and performance, point-for-point, against anything in the field. (When that happens, we usually manage to come out on top. We've got the installations to prove it.) You can reach us at Wellesley Hills, Mass.



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gance and passion the figures of the classical school. Producer Disney declares categorically: "These horses are human." They are at any rate more intelligent than most of the people connected with this picture. Any donkey could have written the script ("These horses are very unique in the world"). The supporting players (Lilli Palmer, Curt Jurgens, Eddie Albert) are obviously off their feed. And Actor Taylor—well, frankly, a horse that acts the way he does would instantly be shipped to the glue factory.

Pink Baggage on the Riviera

Love Is a Ball reaches way back to those zany rich-girl-marraines-chauffeur comedies of the '30s for its plot. To give *Ball* new bounce, Director David Swift (*The Parent Trap*) has transferred the action to the Riviera, hustled in a bagful of props: a pink yacht with matching luggage, a custard-cake skyscraper for desert, a floating baby grand for the pool. But to keep this kind of soufflé inflated is primarily up to a bubbly blonde, Hope Lange. She is the chauffeur-chasing American heiress who keeps a sports-car engine in her bedroom, a collection of slinky bizarrities in her closet. To go auto racing with Chauffeur Glenn Ford, she slips into a pink bare-back space suit; for alfresco breakfasting, Hope is a thing with feathers—blue ostrich plumes on a polka-dot peignoir. She has awful manners: she stirs her champagne with Ford's toothbrush and licks it. But she shapes up when she lures him to an erotic booby trap of an island hideaway, with dozens of marble nymphs and satyrs and only one bed.

Adding just the right whiff of Gallic indestructibility Charles Boyer, a delight to watch as he runs a school for would-be grooms, whose current pupil is Ricardo Montalban, the runner-up in the match for Hope's millions. High point in Boyer's my-fair-laddie crash course instruction by the master himself in the art of nib-



Hope
Goody.

TIME, APRIL 12, 1963



two buckets... ...and a bathtub

—the new MG Sports Sedan. Up front—two genuine sports car bucket seats. In back—a roomy sedan seat, as big as a bathtub—a seat that comfortably holds all the kids, all the packages, all the cats and all the dogs. Yes sir—this new MG is a true sedan—a 5 passenger sedan, with 80% of the car's length devoted to passengers and luggage. (That's because the engine sits crosswise instead of lengthwise.)

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and maintenance are at an absolute minimum. It's a family sedan that'll do all the chores, make all the calls and pick up the kids at school. It's a little giant that the ladies will find obedient, faithful, quiet and unbelievably easy to handle.

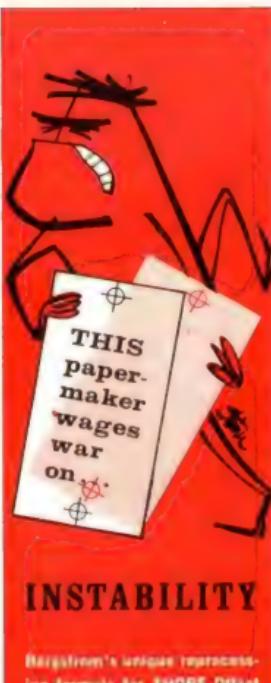
Ah, but on the road... when you have it all to yourself... when you're alone and you want to know that you're really driving an MG... feel it flatten hills, corner like a cat, hug the road at high speeds... sports car braking system (disc & drum combination) gives you safer, surer stops. (Few all-out sports cars handle as well or can take as much punishment.)

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bling an arm ("The elbow is a very nice place, and from there it is all good").

Backgrounds of the Grande Corniche are getting to be a grand cliché in movies nowadays, and Ball's scenario has more twists and turns than the Grand Prix. But it also has its moments, among them a magnificently topless performance by erstwhile Television Heavy Telly Savalas. As for Glenn Ford, he is in the driver's seat all the way.

A Smile Goes a Long Way

Five Miles to Midnight. In the screaming jangle of a Paris nightclub, Lisa (Sophia Loren) is dancing *le twist* with head-back abandon. Enter Robert, the husband, whose winsome, small-boy smile reveals instantly that he is Tony Perkins. Moments later, Robert has bared his vicious little ego and in a fit of petulance is smacking the daylight out of Wife Lisa to launch this chilling story of mismatched mates. When Lisa gets the news that Robert's airliner, bound for Casablanca, has crashed near Bordeaux killing all on board, her grief is tempered with relief. Two nights later, she is awakened by a rapping at the door. It is Robert, bleeding and disheveled, but still smiling his winsome smile and still alive. "Airplanes," he explains, "do funny things before they crash." So do plot lines. It seems that the emergency exit blew out and he dropped on a hilltop a mile from the wreck.

Why not collect the \$120,000 in insurance Robert took out at the airport? They do, and the camera follows them on a midnight ride to the border, right up to the moment when Lisa realizes that the man who is dead in the insurance books is going to have to be dead in fact. The scene that follows is calculated to turn audiences' arteries into blurturst.

Director Anatole Litvak tangles the skein of fate with finesse; from Sophia he has coaxed some fine flashes of doe-eyed terror, and he has allowed Tony to prove what a convincing actor he can be when he is not embroiled with Kafka or Racine. *Five Miles to Midnight* is a scary if implausible thriller. And it is filmed in good old black and white.



Tony
Perkins

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TIME, APRIL 12, 1963

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SOURCE: STARCH CONSUMER MAGAZINE ADORDERS REPORT, 1962; PH-

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How do you design a jetliner that flies higher, faster, farther than any other airliner in the world?

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Wrestling with the Angel

SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB (240 pp.)—Uwe Johnson—Grove (\$4.50).

There is often high art in knowing when to say nothing at all, and Uwe Johnson has mastered it. One of a handful of young German writers (TIME, Jan. 4) who are just now working the literary equivalent of Germany's economic mir-



UWE JOHNSON
Significant silences.

acle, Johnson, 29, has produced a provocative novel full of cryptic clues and calculated silences, inviting the reader to fill in the blank spaces with his own imagination. The result is a remarkably intimate look at life in East Germany, a finely shaded inquiry into the small tensions of a divided world.

The Jakob of the book's title is a line dispatcher in a smoggy railhead city on the Elbe in East Germany. The story opens with his death—run over by a switch engine one foggy night. Was it an accident? Suicide? Was he pushed?

Faulknerian Fragments. The reader is soon plunged into a bewildering narrative jigsaw puzzle that reconstructs Jakob's life. Snippets of dialogue between Jakob's co-workers alternate with long Faulknerian monologues by a state security officer who has been shadowing Jakob. Small never entirely explained incidents—like the sudden flight of Jakob's mother to the West—switch abruptly to recollections of Jakob by a girl who grew up with his family and has long since escaped to West Berlin. Piecing these fragments together reveals a shadowy plot. But in the process of finding out what happens, the reader discovers that he has been half tricked half lured by Author Johnson into immersing himself in what it is like to live in the East zone.

Jakob is hemmed in by the paraphernalia of a semipolice state—threats of jail, surveillance, party slogans. Jakob's

mother and the girl are already in the West. Why doesn't Jakob join them? Jakob is not fond of the party, or of the Russians. But he takes pride in doing his job well. When a Russian troop train must be rushed through to put down the 1956 Hungarian uprising, he shunts off local traffic to let it pass. He rejects a colleague's suggestion that the switchmen should hold it up. Such a gesture is a frivolous sop to their own private feelings about the Russians, he argues. How long could the switchmen delay them? he asks. "They'd still have made it by tomorrow morning."

Label of Relief. The Biblical Jacob who wrestled with an angel was trying to learn his name—in the belief that knowing something's name gives a man power over it. When a traditional writer tells exactly what motive a character has, he offers the reader the relief of a label that allows him to put aside his questions about the character and consider the subject—and the story—closed. By refusing to do this, Uwe Johnson makes the matter of Jakob's life a matter for continuing speculation. Jakob moves out of literature into reality—like a friend who suddenly, for no easily discernible reason, commits suicide. Why? The question lingers, humbling but provocative. In the novel's larger frame the reader is forced to feel and appreciate the equivocal human concerns and rival pulls between East and West in intimate human terms that propaganda clichés used by both sides too easily dismiss.

Ireland's Black Death

THE GREAT HUNGER (510 pp.)—Cecil Woodham-Smith—Harper & Row (\$6.95).

Between the Black Death and Buchenwald, Europe saw nothing like it west of Russia. In the five years of Ireland's Potato Famine (1845-49), 1,500,000 of the Irish perished—most of them starved to death. They wandered the road and died in ditches. Beggars could get nothing when all were beggars and there was nothing worth the begging. Typhus appeared. Whole villages became rotten cemeteries. The blind windows of the huts stared from their whitewashed walls like eyes in so many skulls.

There was no revolt worth recording. The Irish went in a terrible quietness. Weak and listless, the people were good only for a brief and feeble riot or two. Besides, the Act of Union of 1801 had made Ireland an integral part of the United Kingdom, with 100,000 troops to go with it, and a good many of them (well-fed Irishmen mostly) were still around to see that the Irish starved without breaking any laws.

Articulate Bones. Half buried by history or in the long memory the Irish have for wrongs others have succeeded in forgetting, the famine has been disinterred and its statistical bones made articulate by a master of creative research, British

Historian Cecil Woodham-Smith. In *The Reason Why* (TIME, May 10, 1954), she sketched the Light Brigade's famed charge in a gorgeous battle piece that was also a study of one of war's grand follies. Now she paints in somber tones the squalid miseries of peace. If there is no simple single reason why a nation had to starve and die, she makes clear that there was more to it than the fact that tubers in a wet climate make for a chancey crop.

When the blight struck in 1845, the eponymous Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister, the heir of nearly 700 years of British domination, which had left more than 8,000,000 Irish living like pigs—and sometimes with them under the same sod roof. A visiting Frenchman found in Ireland "the extreme of human misery, worse than the Negro in his chains. Why this savage squalor in a fertile land? All this wretchedness and misery," says Woodham-Smith, can be "traced to a single source—the system under which land had come to be occupied and owned in Ireland, a system produced by centuries of successive conquests, rebellions, confiscations and punitive legislation." The system involved the absentee and irresponsible landlord, the rack-renting agent, and a tenantry driven onto smaller and smaller patches of land, until whole families existed on one or even half an acre of soil.

The potato had failed before. There had been 20 minor failures since 1728, but the potato was so cheap and easy that the



CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH
Disinterred horror.

Irish continued to gamble their lives on it. What else could they do? In 1845-49 the Irish lost the gamble.

Free Trade in Death. Cecil Woodham-Smith has composed a bitter and terrible narrative of this catalogue of horror. The British behaved well by their lights. Government funds of £5,000,000 sterling (more than half the rent of all Irish land) were advanced to feed the starving. Successive British Cabinets consisted of high-principled men of good will—Peel, the best of the lot. Lord John Russell, who succeeded him, and Sir Charles Trevelyan

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2. World Champion Valeri Brumel of the USSR clearing 7-feet-2 in the 1963 Millrose Games (SI, Feb. 11, 1963)

3. The David S. Ingalls Rink at Yale University, designed by the late Eero Saarinen (SI, Feb. 9, 1959)

4. An English fox hunt on a California desert, by members of the West Hills Hunt (SI, May 8, 1961)

5. Mickey Mantle, here the tradition of Ruth and DiMaggio, could *bunt* 300 (SI, April 10, 1961)

6. The classic Houghton harness racing sulky is today basically what it was in 1908 (SI, May 14, 1962)

7. Tenley Albright reveals the elegance that made her the 1956 Olympic Champion (SI, Feb. 7, 1955)



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at the Treasury, who worried about money and the Irish in that order.

The trouble lay in the rigidity of their principles. Educated Englishmen, Whig or Tory, believed in *laissez faire*, the classic economic theory of a free economy. But this mercantile theory led to absurdities when applied to Ireland's pre-mercantile economy. "The fanatical faith . . . in the operation of natural causes," says Woodham-Smith, "was carried to such a length that in the midst of one of the major famines of history, the government was perpetually nervous of being too good to Ireland and of corrupting the Irish people by kindness, and so stifling the virtue of self-reliance and industry." As applied by bumbling bureaucrats, the doctrine meant that food (Indian corn mostly) should only be distributed by private agencies. Private traders (though few existed) should import the stuff. Exporters should on no account be hindered in their natural economic function. As a result, oats were carried to the docks for export past starving men.

Sin of Ignorance. The Irish famine does not come under the head of genocide, as British Historian A.J.P. Taylor provocatively has put it. The gas ovens of Auschwitz were the weapons of a deliberate crime. The Irish tragedy was a more confused thing, in which ignorant good will was not the least fatal element. But it is hardly surprising that the Irish blamed the British and that 1,000,000 Irish who somehow managed to escape to Canada, the U.S., England or Australia carried with them as their only inalienable possession—hatred. Only the statute of limitations, which rules the reading of history, has made it possible for the two nations still to speak to each other.

The Uncensored

FANTASTIC STORIES (214 pp.)—Abram Tertz—Pantheon (\$3.95).

Abram Tertz is the pseudonym of a Soviet writer so knowledgeable about Communist literary politics that some have thought he might be Ilya Ehrenburg, the protean figure in Soviet literature who has survived all changes and has written well as revolutionary, émigré, Stalinist, and satirist. Whatever his name, and however his manuscripts are gotten out of Russia (via what the publishers call an intellectual underground), he writes fictional parables that illuminate the reality of Soviet life by the light of fantasy.

Typical is the story *You and I*. The guests at a dinner party are all in some sort of disguise. Or are they spies disguised as guests? Men in the shape of heavyweight boxers are disguised as women. Who is who? Nobody will ever know. A chance remark about the difficulty of getting duck causes panic and consternation, since one of the guests, who has ears like headphones and eyes like a sniper's, is clearly the representative of the unmentionable absent reality—Big Brother. Somebody offers an explanation. Food distribution in the cities should not be underestimated. "Duck, chicken, even goose,



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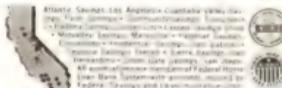
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Current Circulation Guarantees/Rate Bases

LOOK	7,300,000
Life	7,000,000
Post	6,500,000

This year, LOOK continues to surge ahead in circulation. Since early January 1963, by publisher's estimate, LOOK delivered circulation has averaged more than 7,450,000—an increase of 350,000 copies over comparable issues of 1962.

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and even the rarest bird in the world, the Turkey, are sold . . . as much as you like."

At this officially correct explanation—"the all-seeing eye that had been watching them squinted mockingly at the luckless spies and dissolved in a yellow patch, the color of the wallpaper, as though it had never been there." Was the eye ever there at all? Tertz seems to be saying that the worst thing about a police state is the behavior it imposes on people even when Big Brother is not watching.

Unadulterated Western

A VERY SMALL REMNANT (232 pp.)—Michael Straight—Knopf (\$4).

Michael Straight, 46, has always had more cash, conscience and energy than he knew quite what to do with. Son of one of America's wealthiest families (his mother was Harry Payne Whitney's sister), he has for years managed the family



MICHAEL STRAIGHT
Dimmed by an electronic eye.

fortune with one hand and with the other espoused an assortment of causes, mostly forlorn. For 13 years he was editor, publisher and underwriter of the *New Republic* Magazine. In 1956 he resigned and turned to fiction.

In *A Very Small Remnant*, as in his first novel, *Carrington*, Straight mines and mourns U.S. behavior to the Indians during the often bloody westward expansion at the close of the Civil War. *Carrington* was a small masterpiece; *Remnant* is not so successful, but its heroes are the same: those few white men who had the courage to risk unpopularity to deal honestly with the red man.

The story is based on actual fact and told by a real historical figure. Major Edward Wynkoop, a cavalryman who in 1864 negotiated peace with the Cheyennes. A militia troop headed by a blood-thirsty colonel marched into Wynkoop's area. They came upon an unsuspecting

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My present policy expires Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____

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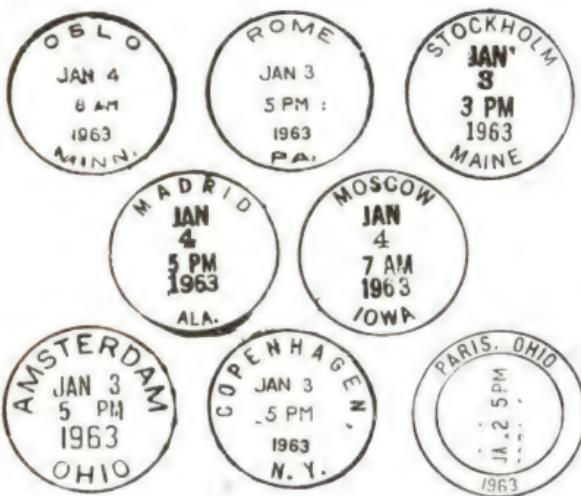
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unarmed and officially surrendered Cheyenne village at Sand Creek, Colo. In a hideous five-hour orgy, they massacred nearly everybody. Feeling that he must make amends for his unintentional betrayal, Wynkoop resigned his commission and became an Indian agent. But the Indians, of course, were doomed to further betrayal by other white men.

Straight's story has the ring of truth, both artistic and actual. But by now, every ten-year-old TV viewer already knows that there are no bad Cheyennes, only misunderstood Cheyennes, that any friendship between honest white man and loyal Indian chief is doomed. Michael Straight's hope of telling so straight a story successfully has withered under the glare of the glittering electronic eye.

How to Spoil a Dirty Story

BLACK SPRING (243 pp.)—Henry Miller—Grove (\$5).

There is a kind of man who will tell wonderfully funny, dirty stories in a bar and make everybody happy and not a bit ashamed of themselves until the moment comes when he lowers his voice an unctuous octave and reads from a little card on which is printed an inspirational message by, say, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. The curious effect is to make religion seem a dubious, off-color business, and this is just the effect produced by Henry Miller's digressions into theology that punctuate the boisterously bawdy anecdotes in *Black Spring*.

The book consists of ten autobiographical pieces that take Miller from his Brooklyn boyhood through his apprenticeship in a tailor's shop to the hard life of a literary bum in Paris. Bits are wonderfully done with vivid scenes of jazzed-up action, like an early silent movie full of custard pies, female underclothes and slightly zany captions.

But in the 30 years since these exercises were performed, the avant-garde seems to have gone somewhere else. Surrealist painting seems to have joined the *art nouveau* lamp shade in the attic; surrealism in writing has fared worse. Sample Miller:

"Now I am lost, lost, do you hear? You don't hear? I'm yowling—don't you hear me? Switch the lights off! Smash the bulls! Can you hear me now? Louder! you say? Louder! Christ, are you making sport of me? Are you deaf, dumb, and blind? Must I yank my clothes off? Must I dance on my head?"

There are other ways of getting attention.

Rare Birds

THE SUMMER HOUSES (278 pp.)—James Stevenson—Macmillan (\$4.95).

Linked by an umbilical causeway to a shadowy mainland, Great Heron Island is the summer nesting place of a memorable colony of rare social birds. It swims in a body of water carefully left vague by the author but which readers will have no trouble at all locating—due south of O'Hara Point, due east of Marquand



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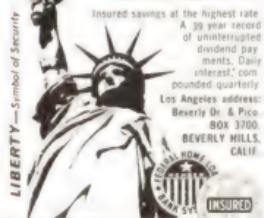
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Sound. On Great Heron, the great divide is not between rich and poor: there are no poor. It is the lingering schism from the great debate of 1942, when family was set against family over whether to hold the annual island croquet tournament in winter. The "it would be bad taste" faction finally won out over those who insisted that "the Boys would want the tournament . . . after all what are they fighting for?"

So mallet-headed, a paradise clearly cries out for some kind of serpent. Obligingly the author supplies an industrialist named McKinney who with unlimited cash and chicanery, sets about acquiring the whole island so that he can turn it



STEVENSON

South of O'Hara, east of Marquand,

into a kind of floating museum of early Americana.

In this engaging second novel, Author James Stevenson *as* displays Marquand's feel for the half rueful, wholly drroll confrontation between the really wellborn and those who are merely born to do well. But he is less interested in dynastic decay than in dilettante dilemma. The islanders' big "fight McKinney" meeting boggs down in bickering about whether or not a mole has been gnawing at croquet court number three, and the whole argument becomes entirely academic when a pair of McKinney's bulldozers crash onto the court in the middle of the annual tournament. A hapless adolescent *as* suggests to strolling teen-agers as he waits for an inscription on the beach at night, has to take to the sea fully clothed. "Water's great" he croaked, trying to sound carefree. His necktie was floating in front of his chin.

The Great Heron islands of this world have been doomed so long now that nobody, least of all fond Author Stevenson, can take them seriously. But as resident Prospero to a tempest in a teapot, he obviously could not end on a dying fall. To no one's surprise, McKinney, bulldozers and all, never gets to make the island into a museum. Stevenson has neatly tended to that himself.



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PAPER WORK

- Does it travel in a straight line?
- Do some employees have to wait for work to arrive?
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- Is there unnecessary searching for records?

PEOPLE AND EQUIPMENT

- Is each person allowed sufficient space?
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- Are the employees comfortable and satisfied?
- Who uses the equipment in question?
- Is equipment doing the job adequately?
- Are the proper tools at the proper place?

ENVIRONMENT

- Is the light adequate?
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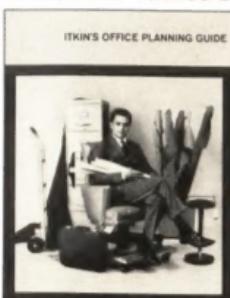
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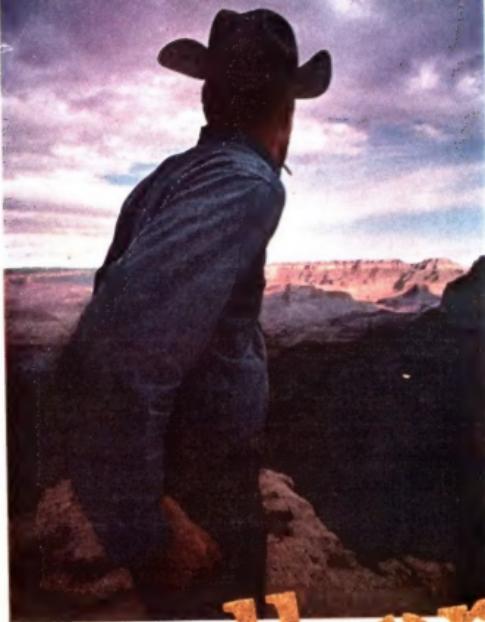
Oscar Michael J.

O. C. Carnichael, Jr.

Chairman of the Board, Associates Investment Company
The building complex, shown above, is now under construction and will be The Associates new headquarters for nearly 600 branch offices throughout the United States and Canada.

NCR PROVIDES TOTAL SYSTEMS—FROM ORIGINAL ENTRY TO FINAL REPORT—THROUGH ACCOUNTING MACHINES, CASH REGISTERS OR ADDING MACHINES, AND DATA PROCESSING
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